Beginning DARK OF THE MOON– *by* DOROTHY WAYMAN *AND* EDWARD DOHERTY

A TALE OF WILD HEARTS *and the* RUM BLOCKADE

DEC. 17, 1932

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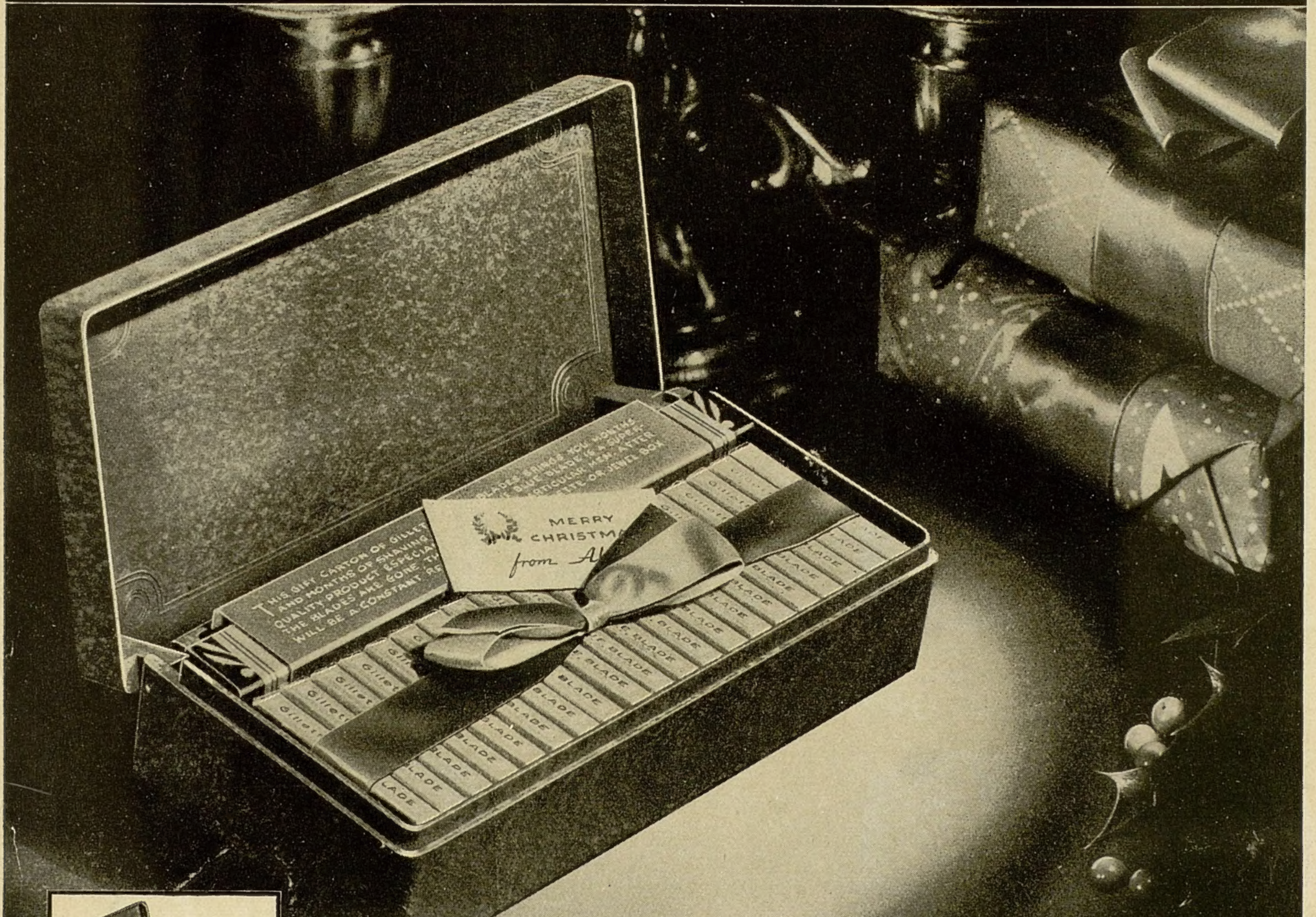

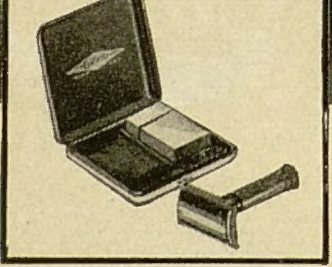

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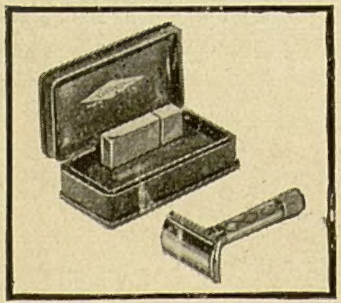

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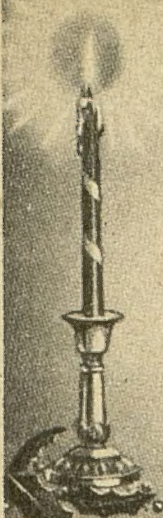

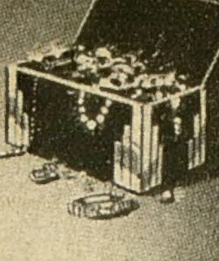

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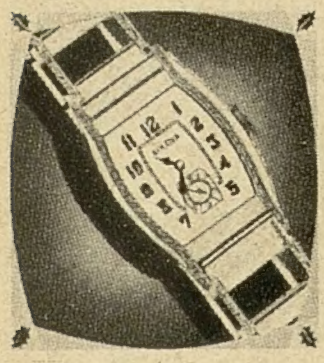

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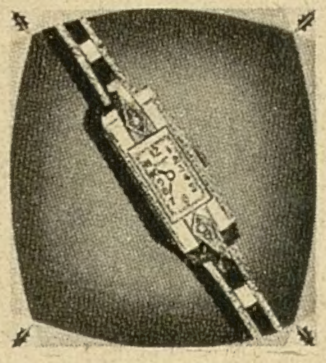

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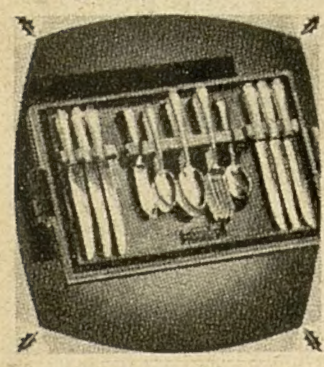

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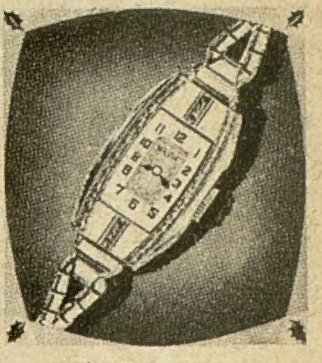

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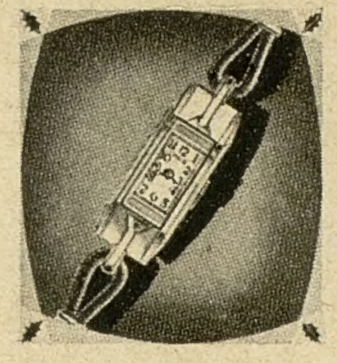

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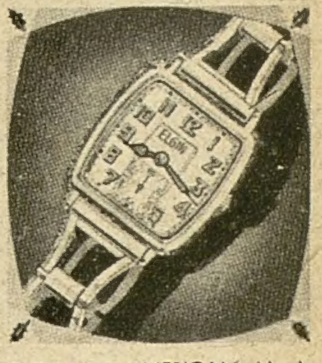

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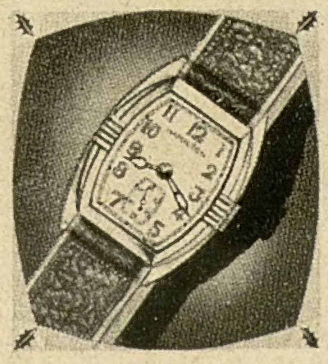

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Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly
DECEMBER 17, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 51

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by H. R. McBRIDE

MOVIE HEROES IN SHAM LOVE-MAKING

"All the world loves a lover."

We are all thrilled when our close friends are pierced by Cupid's dart. Engagements are the source of an unlimited amount of gossip in every community. And curious friends and relatives enjoy teasing the victims of these romantic entanglements; their discomfiture is the source of unlimited amusement.

And we are thrilled beyond words by the tense dramas that are now depicted on the screens with such interesting detail. We imagine ourselves as one of the principal characters; we live their lives, thrill with their happiness, and are cast down into the lowest depths of despair as we view their suffering.

And the love-making is usually very convincing—it looks like the real thing. But now and then we are shocked beyond description by the unnaturalness of the mating which we see so clearly depicted.

It is said that there is no accounting for the incongruity of Cupid's selections; he seems to aim his arrows indiscriminately at times. You never see old age mated with youth on the screen; its inappropriateness is clearly apparent to everybody. But the big, blustering hero—a "he man" to the last degree—often falls in love with a little slip of a girl who wouldn't be given a second thought in real life.

Movie directors sometimes have strange ideas. They have evidently been reared without contact with Nature's elemental forces. And if a little girl is cute and appealing they consider it quite appropriate for a big, muscular man to fall in love with her, although she may be the counterpart of what his ten-year-old daughter might be.

Romantic intrigue, as depicted on the screen, to be thrilling must be a "natural"—using a well accepted slang term; it must seem appropriate in every detail; a romantic development that would naturally be expected.

We hear so much in movies about the "he man" types, about the necessity for a man being "manly," but we never hear anything about the need of "she women," which term when elementally analyzed seems to have almost a vulgar significance—and yet, why should it not be applied to women as well as to men?

The clinging-vine type has gone out of fashion; weakness is no longer necessarily feminine. There is no reason why a woman cannot be strong in her femininity as well as a man can be strong in his masculinity.

Along with our "he men" let us demand a "she woman" now and then—a woman who is all feminine, who is lithe and strong as a panther, and as courageous and determined as a tiger. A woman of this kind in a stirring drama with a real "he man" pursuing her would give us a thrilling, soul-stirring drama; it would electrify audiences everywhere.

Sham love-making is unendurable, sometimes nauseating. Give the "he man" of the screen worth-while mates; bar out the emaciated foreign vamps and the neutral ciphers, weaklings, and clinging vines, and give us a few "she women" along with the "he men."

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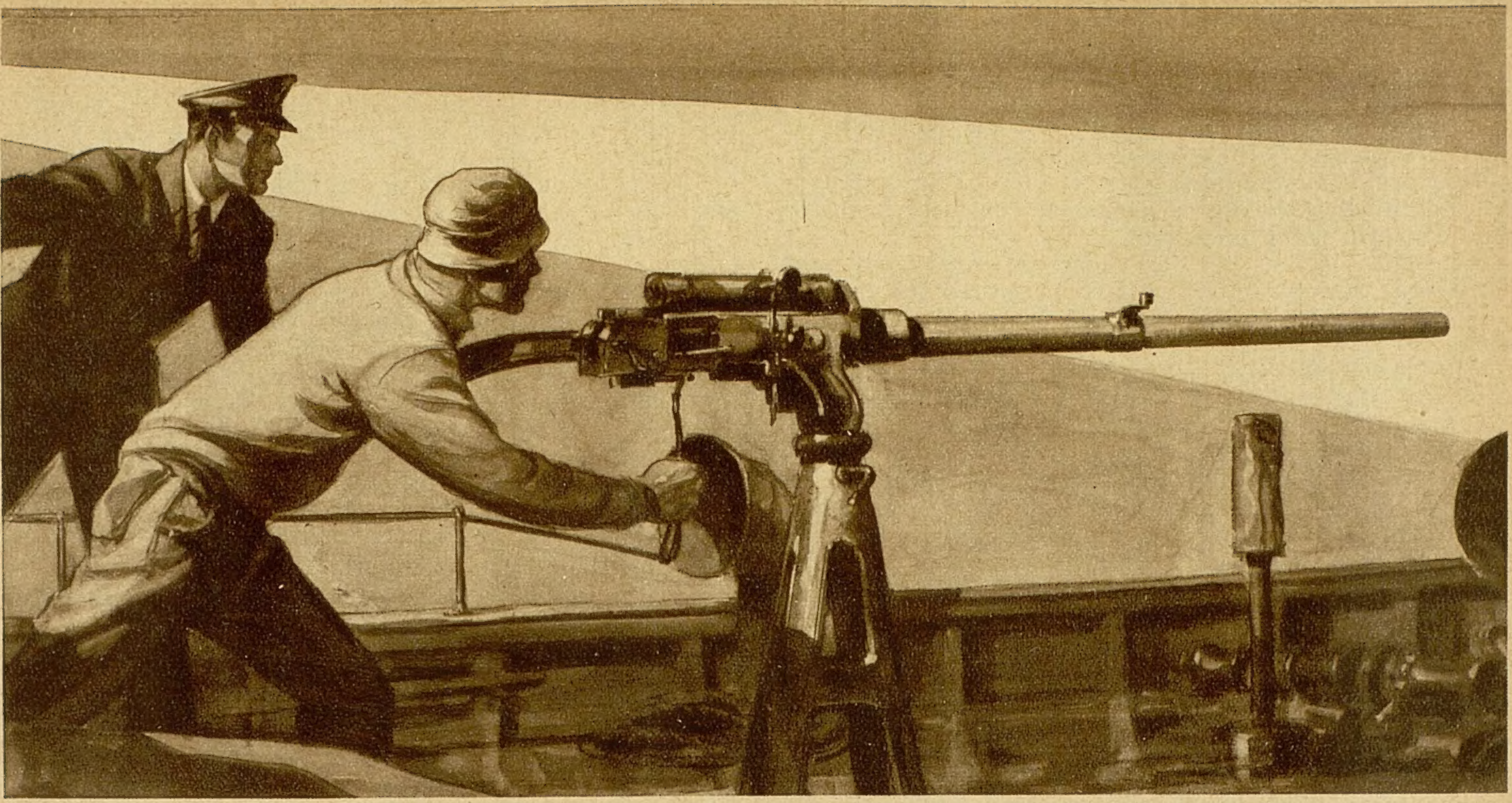


"Give them three blanks from the one-pounder, Laurie," Mitchell shouted.

Beginning—

Dark of the MOON

A Tale of Wild Hearts and the Rum Blockade

By

Dorothy Wayman
and
Edward Doherty

Pictures by W. MacRae Gillies

(Reading time: 31 minutes 50 seconds.)

Part One—Shoot to Kill!

"In the spring a young man's fancy—"

Ah, but it was autumn when the madness came on Don. He was asleep in the chair. The barber had finished trimming his thick black hair and had put his comb and his scissors on a shelf.

"Wilda Root?" he asked. "Ed Peeno's, Hare-peeteed, Veetalees?"

The beating of the engines ceased. The boat steadied. The wind died. The sea calmed. And Lieutenant Don Mitchell of the United States Coast Guard opened his eyes.

"What?" he said.

"You weesh someetheeng on the 'air?"

"Leave it dry."

Anything wet always brought out the latent curls in Don's hair, and he hated curls.

The barber smiled and stepped back of the chair.

And then Don saw the girl. She was sitting in the next chair and a barber was snipping at her yellow locks. Don stared for a moment at her profile.

Something clutched at his windpipe. He could scarcely breathe. His hands gripped the arms of his chair. His gray eyes widened. His great shoulders squared themselves and his chest inflated alarmingly. He glanced at her reflection in the glass, and he felt weak with the delight and the excitement of his discovery. But was this real?

"It's a fake," he decided. "No girl could be as beautiful as that! It's a trick. They do it with mirrors."

Her profile made him think of the lines of a destroyer. He had always thought a destroyer the most beautiful and graceful thing on earth.

The full view of her face deprived him of thought. He stared, rudely, until the barber lowered the chair.

"I'm sunk," he said to himself, "sunk without a trace!"

He closed his eyes, but he could still see that head and neck that rose so gloriously out of the white linen, the yellow hair the scissors attacked so wantonly, the wide mouth, the straight nose, and the brown eyes.

He wondered who she was, where she lived, how he could meet her. Was she a native of Cape Cod? Was she a summer visitor? How would one describe the exact shade of her hair?

"Hurry," he bade the barber. "I have to shove off soon."

As the razor caressed his face he made romances about her, and called himself a fool. Probably the girl wouldn't look at him—she might even be married.

Don knew little about women, less than most men. He had been in love with one woman for years, or thought himself in love with her. She had married his best friend. Don didn't blame her; he blamed himself. He had not declared war on women. They simply hadn't interested him. He had been too busy to seek them. And now? Now he was amazed at himself.

The barber lifted the hot towels from him, rubbed him with pungent-smelling liquids, and elevated the chair. Don glanced sideways—and saw with dismay that the girl had gone.

It was a shock to realize the extent of his disappointment. But he tried to cover it up by telling himself he'd find her again. She must be out on the street somewhere now. She couldn't have gone far—unless, of course, she had driven away in a taxi or her own car.

"If only she lives around here somewhere!"

The thought that she might have been just passing through Woods Hole disturbed him more than he would admit.

He sprang out of the chair, donned his crisp white uniform coat, threw the barber a bill, set his cap at a jaunty angle, and hurried out. He looked up and down Main Street.

There she was, passing the stone building known as the Old Candle House. Years ago, in the whaling days, they had made spermaceti candles there.

Don saw only that head of yellow hair, and he made for it, crossing the Eel Pond bridge with great strides, his arms swinging at his sides.

HE didn't know what he would say to her, if indeed he had courage enough to say anything. This wasn't a girl one could pick up on the street. Yet something urged him to do that very thing!

He could at least follow her. He could walk past her hurriedly, and then turn and get another look at her, pretending he was simply gazing down the street. And who knew what might happen? She might fall and sprain an ankle. He might have to carry her in his arms to a doctor's office. She might be the niece of the base commander or a sister of one of the men. Wouldn't that be a break?

A cream-colored roadster rushing from Penzance Point swerved suddenly and cut through a mud puddle. A black shower rose in the air. A black shower descended on Don's clean white uniform, on his face, on his hands.

Don forgot what he was about.

"You blind drunken idiot!" he roared.

He could hear people laughing as he reached for a handkerchief. It did not help him. He leaped into the street, and would have run toward the roadster, wiping the mud and water from his face, had not the car turned just this side of the bridge and come toward him.

"Couldn't you see that puddle?" he shouted to the chauffeur, a smart swarthy little man with a clipped black mustache.

The woman seated beside the chauffeur laughed musically—a woman in a red, white, and blue sports costume.

"Well, if you must chase yellow-headed women, Don," she said, "you must take the consequences."

Don dropped his handkerchief and stepped nearer to the car.

"Inez!" he cried.

"Oh, Don darling!" she said, still laughing. "I'm so glad to see you. Do forgive me. You were such a temptation. That white uniform and the mud puddle so—so handy—and you following that yellow hussy. I just had to spatter you. Maybe I'm still jealous."

"That's right—laugh," Don said, laughing now himself. "If I weren't so filthy I'd jump into that car and squeeze you and—and muddy you too."

She held open the car door for him. He jumped in, but didn't carry out his threat.

"I was just thinking of you," he said. "Honest I was. And here you are. It's magic!"

Dirtv and wet as he was. Inez snuggled close to him and gave him her hands.

"If you were thinking of me," she said, "you were comparing me with Little Goldilocks!"

DON remembered then, with some mental discomfort, that this woman had always been able to read him.

"Nonsense," he said, trying to bear her quizzical smile without flinching—somehow he couldn't endure to be teased about that girl. "I was wondering what ever became of you."

"And I was just going to look you up. I learned only this morning that you were here. I stopped at the Navy Yard and left word for you. And then I saw you, all in white, still handsome as a traffic cop, pursuing that poor little thing, and—"

"Drop me at the base," Don said, "and give me a chance to wash up and change, and I'll see you in half a minute."

"Nothing of the kind. Now that I've found you I'm not going to lose you again. Home, Alfredo, and please try not to spatter that girl ahead of us—the one with the yellow hair."

She laughed gayly as Don turned to get another look at that glorious proud face—and laughed again as he turned back to her.

"It wasn't the girl you thought, was it?"

Don shook his head.

"They all look alike from the rear. Oh, I must ask you millions of questions, Don. You're still the same? Of course you are. Still single, anyway. Don, I love this little Navy Yard!"

"Navy Yard?"

Don saw himself in Annapolis again, riding past all those old red-brick mansions hidden in ivy, Inez by his side. He remembered old friends, familiar haunts, days adorned with happiness and youth and love and ambition and routine.

"That's Section Base 49 of the Coast Guard," he said gently. "And I'm exec there."

"Not really! An Annapolis man stranded in the dry navy? Don, it's really grotesque."

They passed by the Coast Guard base, turned a corner, passed a special policeman who saluted, and rushed up a long incline toward Penzance Point.

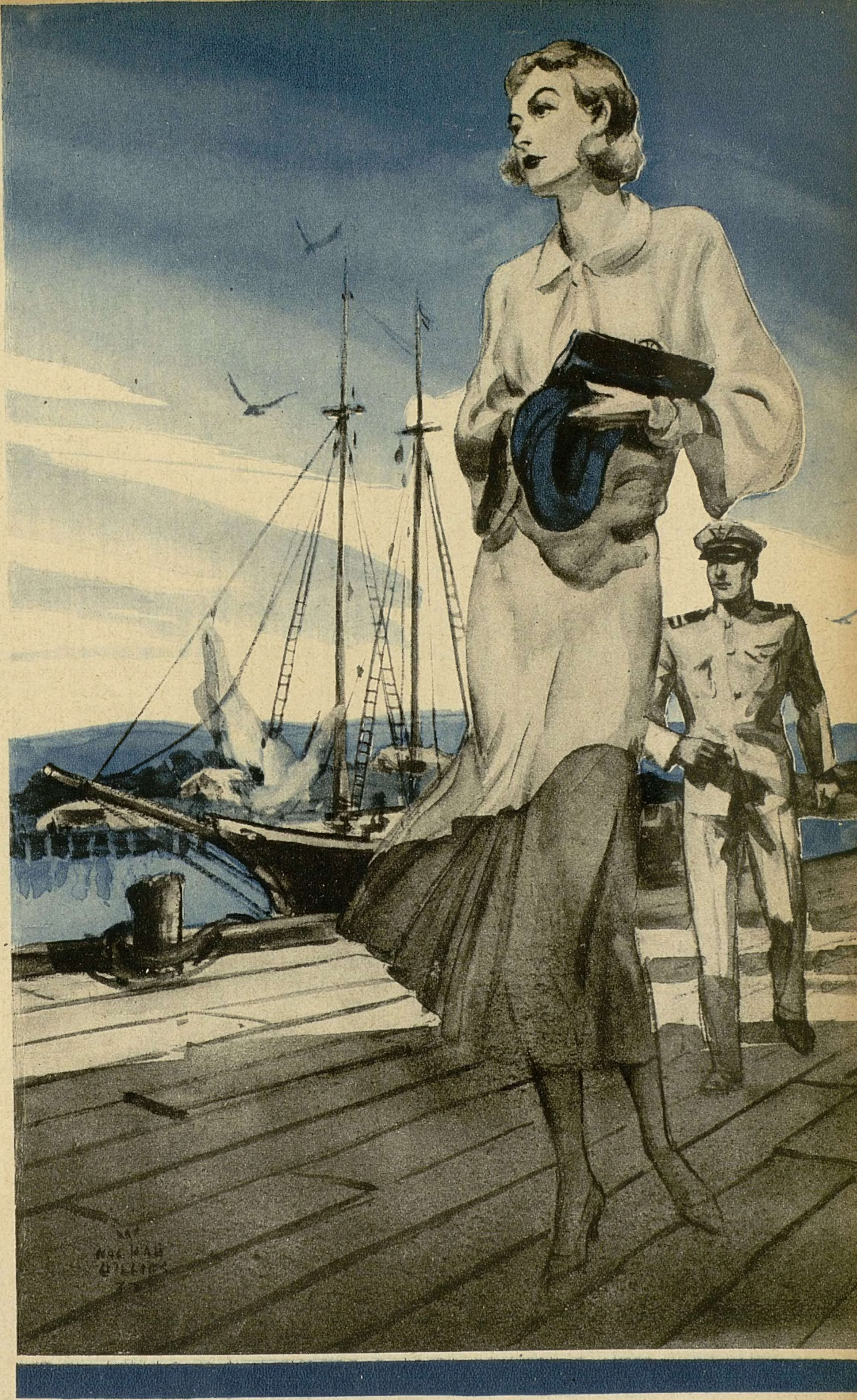
"We've been coming here every summer for years," Inez said.

Her tone changed suddenly—became half angry, half mothering.

"Don, why did you just drop out like that? If you had come to dad he would have been glad to fix it up. He's quite wonderful, you know, at things like that."

Don tried not to wince. He thought he had got over that disgraceful incident, shoved it way down inside him, buried it with adventures, work, sorrow, hate. And here, at the touch of a hand, the sound of a voice, the sight of a once-loved face, it all surged up again, clear, poignant, more bitter than ever.

DON saw only that head of yellow hair, and he made for it, crossing the Eel Pond bridge with great strides.



"You hurt me so!" Inez went on. "And you spoiled your life—spoiled everything. Everybody gets drunk at the Army-Navy game. Your only crime was missing the train back. That would have been so easy to forgive. Were you chasing another girl then? Was that the reason you never came back?"

"No. Honestly there wasn't anything like that. I was just a fool kid. If I had it to do over— But what's the good of hashing it up now? It seems ages ago. Yet it's only four years. I feel a million years old sometimes. You're still young, Inez."

He looked again at her blue eyes, her tilted nose, her soft chin, the black curls jutting out from beneath the white felt béret.

"You haven't changed at all."

"No?"

She tossed her head and pulled off the béret. Don gasped. There was a V-shaped streak of white in that jet-black hair.

"My wound stripe," she said.

"Stuart's dead?"

She nodded. Don pressed her hand.

"I'm sorry," he said.

THE car stopped. They got out and started up the graveled walk.

"You remember the day the Saratoga was launched?" Don asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Well, after I bilged out I got a job working on her. It was hard work, but it was good for me. After a time I got to like it. I thought that if I kept at it I could come back to you some day and say—well, something like this: 'Inez, I'll never be an officer in the navy, but I've learned a bit about ships. I'm going to build ships some day and—and I'll give you a fleet of them.'"

He laughed, a trifle ruefully, a trifle fondly. They stopped to look out over the water and the yachts in the harbor, at a seaplane hanging on a cloud, and the tall spars of a ship with a squat blue hull.

"I was there when they launched the Saratoga. It was Easter time, you remember—spring leave at the Academy. I saw your father there with the Secretary of the Navy. And I saw you, and Stuart. He had his battalion commander's stripes. My stripes—my girl. After that I didn't want to build ships. I sailed in them, though—a sailor before the mast."

If he saw the luster of tears in her eyes he blamed it on the sun.

"It was your own fault, Don," she said softly. "I—thought there was another girl. You sent no word. Just dropped out of my life. I was hurt—jealous. And Stuart—oh, Don, he was so sweet and understanding."

"I loved him like a brother. You know that."

They turned away from the sight of the harbor and

set their faces toward the house. They walked in silence, eacn savoring the bittersweet of memories.

Boise Pendleton came down the wide veranda steps with his face beaming and his hand outstretched.

" Why, it's Don," he said. " Don Mitchell! Son, where in the devil have you been? "

Other men stretched in luxurious basket chairs on the veranda got to their feet, each with a glass in his hand. Boise Pendleton took charge of Don, put his arm about him and led him up the steps.

" Meet Don Mitchell —and don't laugh! " his daughter cried. " I splashed him and he can't shake hands. Don, this is Senator Bland; this is Harvey Childs; this is the wicked Bascom Ridge; this is Marty Mefford; and this is Van Lanier—the Van Lanier."

Don bowed stiffly, his soiled uniform making him a boy again in the presence of elderly and important men. He felt that they were covertly laughing at him; sensed hostility, ridicule, and condescension.

A Japanese entered carrying a round of drinks in iced glasses.

Inez pounced on him.

" Suki, put down the tray and take Lieutenant Mitchell inside. Give him one of dad's bath robes and have his uniform cleaned and pressed."

Suki blinked, grinned, and waited.

" Have a drink before you go, Don," Pendleton said. " Boy, you've filled out some since I last saw you. And you've got a tan a girl would trade her soul for—eh, Van? "

VAN smiled in good-natured mockery, and Don warmed to him at once. He was young, Don's age. He was handsome. He was dressed in the picturesque sun-drenched red linen of the Breton fisherman, with a blue béret sticking to the back of his head. His face, his neck, and his muscular forearms were as tanned as Don's.

" Better find out first if you're not being raided," he advised. " The lieutenant's in the Coast Guard."

" Right," said Don, charmed with Van's lazy smile, " and thirsty as hell. Scotch, if you please."

Inez handed him a glass and he held it toward her.

" Mud in your eye," he said.

Lanier was seated on the foot rest of Inez Stuart's chair when Don returned to the veranda, and was talking to her in undertones. Senator Bland, lying back in his chair, was speaking to her father.

" The damned rumchasers shot two fishermen with machine-gun bullets last night off Gloucester," he was saying. " What with gangsters mowing down children in the streets of New York, and the Coast Guard killing people on the high seas—"

The senator stopped abruptly, sensing Mitchell's presence. He straightened up and looked at Don, and swallowed his drink, tugging with his left hand at the ends of his white vest.

Mitchell said nothing. The senator pulled out his watch.

" Sorry," he said. " Didn't know it was so late."

He rose, bowed to Inez and the others, ignored Van, and buttonholed Pendleton. " Boise, may I see you a moment before I go? "

" Help yourself, Don," Boise said as he started away. " It's good stuff. Just came in last night."

HARVEY CHILDS and the others excused themselves and followed Pendleton and Bland down the steps. Lanier rose with supple grace.

" Bland was pretty raw, lieutenant," he said. " But he's just a windbag, and he didn't know you were within range of his voice. Sit down, won't you? "

" I could have choked him," Inez said. " Don, you make that bath robe look like the correct thing for a man to wear. Do sit down. Imagine anyone actually thinking you could turn a machine gun on anybody! "

Don laughed easily.

" I don't mind," he said. " People will talk. What do they know about the service? Of course we have a bad name, and some of us deserve it. When we needed men after the prohibition act was passed "—he accepted a drink and nodded his head in thanks—" we had to take what we could get, some good men, some grafters and murderers. But that affair last night—it's ridiculous to say we fired on innocent men. They put two of our men in the hospital: a smoke screen—smoke and mustard gas. Fishermen? Murdering smugglers! "

Lanier touched his glass to Don's.

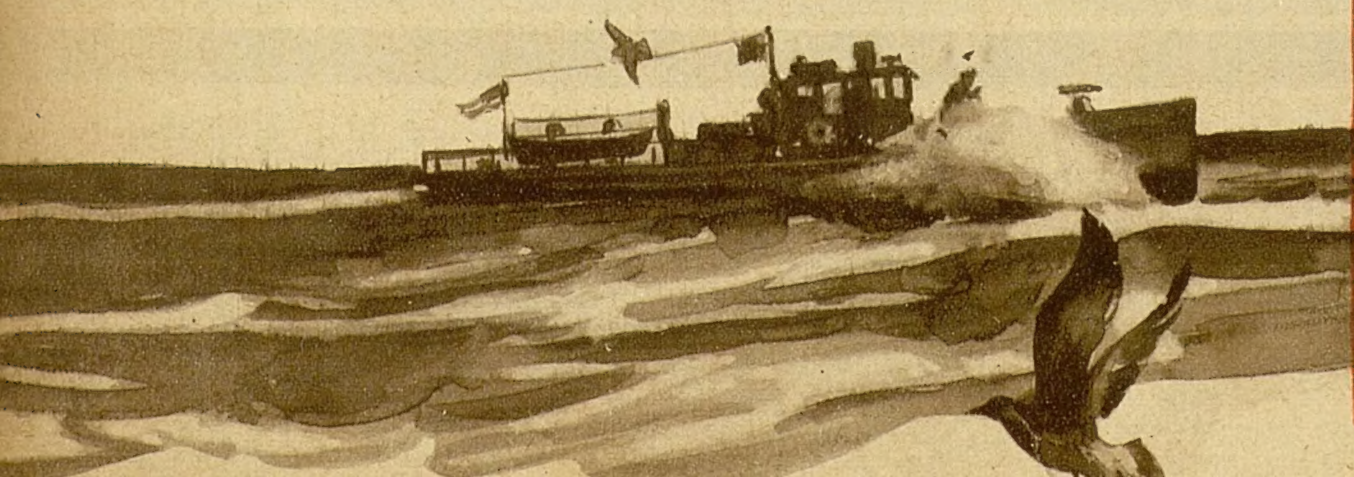
" Here's to you," he said, " and to the service. I don't think it would break your heart if a load of good stuff did get by you."

" Not if it's on shore," Don said seriously. " Out at sea—that's different. It's an impersonal sort of game, especially here on Cape Cod. The smugglers are mostly local boys, sons and grandsons of men who sailed on whalers and clipper ships, excellent seamen, bred to the water. Some of the men in the Coast Guard went to school with these fellows, married their sisters, danced with their best girls, played cards with them, and pool. They have thousands of common ties ashore. But when they're out on the water it's war, actual bloody war. There's no malice in it, mind, only duty."

Inez shuddered and made a wry face.

" I don't understand men when they talk of war," she said. " They seem to get such hellish pleasure out of shooting each other. I suppose it isn't so bad in real warfare. But this sort of thing "—her hand waved at the sea—" this dancing ashore and shooting it out at sea, this cold-blooded hunting of rumrunners—"

Something in Don's face, in his attitude, stopped her. He



was leaning forward in his chair, staring off across Vineyard Sound. His left hand was clenched so that the knuckles showed white, and he held the glass so tightly in his right that Inez thought he was going to crush it. His eyes were half closed and his jaw frightened her. This was a different Don Mitchell than she had ever known. What had happened to make him into this brooding, vengeful, passionate creature?

“If I could find the man I'm looking for,” Don said, his voice almost a growl, “I'd pump the gun until it was white-hot!”

“Don!”

He turned to her.

“YOU remember my kid brother Stanley? Sure you do. I had him up at the Academy several times. How proud he was of me! And he was more than half in love with you too. Just a kid, a nice clean kid, only twenty when he died.

“Dad gave him a speed boat, and he was cruising around—right out there in the Sound—going to see a girl and spend a week-end at her home in Falmouth.

“They boarded him.”

Silently Van offered a cigarette. Don took it, lit it, breathed the smoke in deeply, let it slowly out through his nostrils.

“It was dark. No moon. Ideal for rumrunners. They came alongside before he knew what it was all about, boarded him, shot him, left him lying where he fell.

“They were running away from a rumchaser. They had such a heavy load they couldn't make much speed. They hijacked Stan's boat and began to transfer some of the liquor.

“But they weren't quick enough. The cutter came round the lightship while they worked. Its searchlight picked up the two speed boats. One of the rumrunners shot into the sacks of liquor on Stanley's little boat, and set it afire.

“They sacrificed my brother to escape. He burned to death lying on the deck, suffering agony, bullets in both legs, bullets in his stomach, watching the flames coming nearer and nearer.”

“Oh, Don!”

Inez reached out her hand and tightened it on Don's wrist. Her eyes were full of tears.

“I was in Port Said when I heard about it. My father cabled me, sent me money. I jumped ship, took a plane to Gibraltar, and caught a liner to New York. And the first thing I did was to join the Coast Guard.”

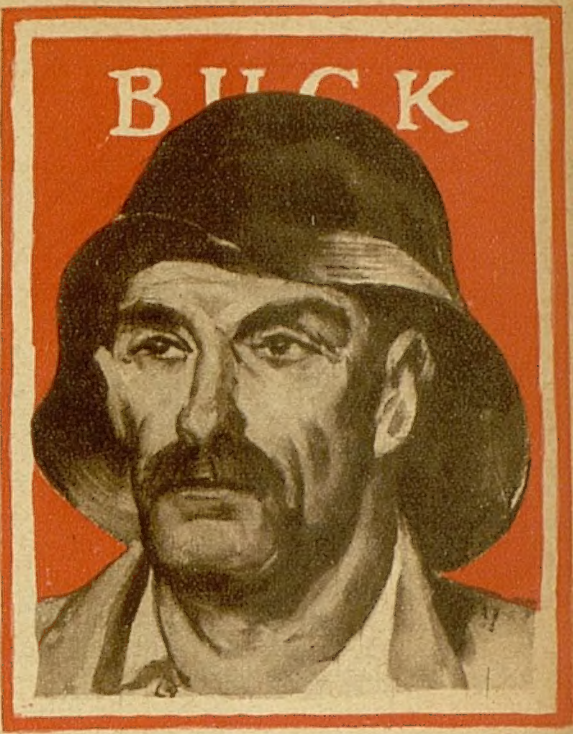
“To get the murderers,” Van said.

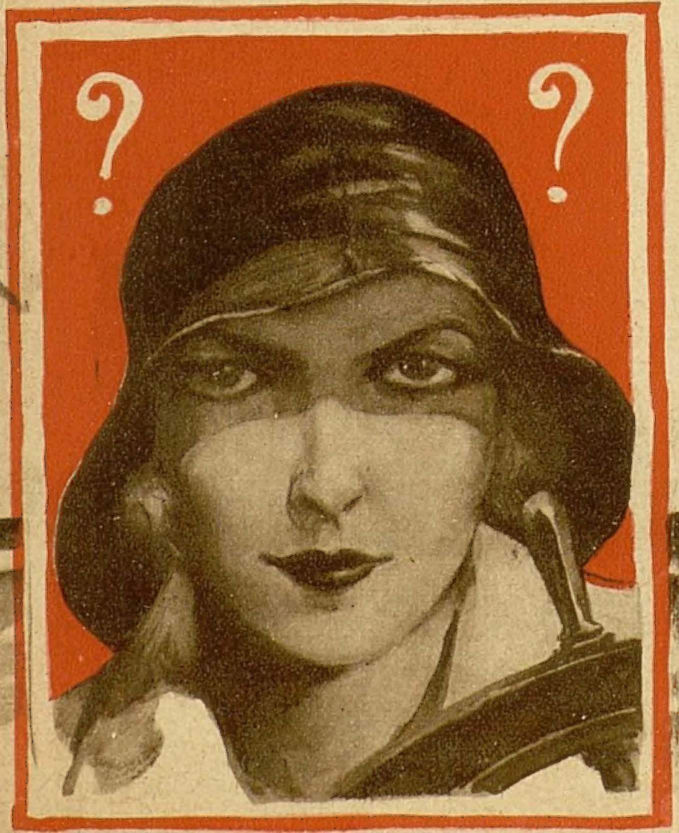
“No; just one of them.”

“But there must have been more than one.”

“Just two that I know of. One is dead. He was the engineer. It was he who told me the story. I met him in a Boston dive quite by accident. He thought I was Stanley, or Stanley's ghost. A skinny, scared, half-crazy runt he was. He was afraid to talk at first; but after a few drinks—and I promised him money—he told me a few things. Not much, but enough to go to work on. He didn't dare open up in that speakeasy.

“We arranged to leave separately and to meet at my hotel in half an hour. I was a fool to let him get away. He died when he stepped out of that place. They beat him to death. The cops found his body in the alley the following morning.





“All he told me was that a man named Buck was the skipper of that rum boat—the man who shot my brother.”

“Buck who?” both Van and Inez asked in chorus.

“Just Buck. A Cape Cod contact-boat skipper. I shipped in the Coast Guard to find him. I've learned nothing more. The Coast Guard has no record of him. But some night, somewhere in these waters, I'll find him. And then—”

“Lieutenant, I like you,” Van said. “You're so genuine, so hot-blooded, so all-emotion. I'm glad you're not looking for me!”

Don drained his glass in silence. He felt a little foolish, as though he had confided a sacred ambition to a couple of strangers who wouldn't care or understand.

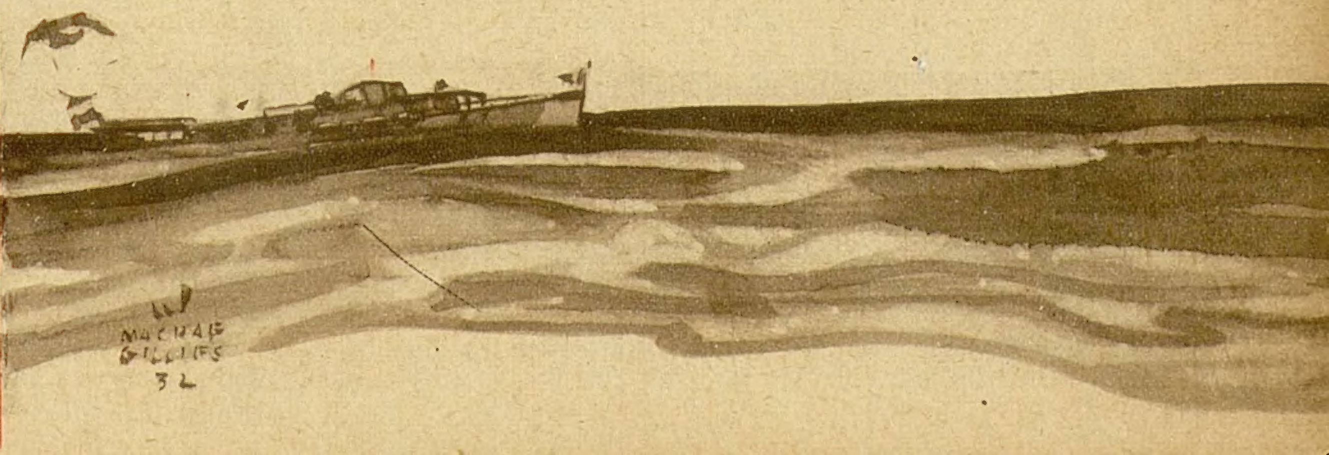
WHY he should regard Inez as a stranger he couldn't say. Once she had been to him the nearest and the dearest person in all the world. It was sad to think that she would never be the same to him as she had been; but the glamorous days when he had loved her madly and sweetly were dead, buried with youth and care-free happiness and splendid hopes—dead as his career.

“Don,” Inez said, “what good will it do if you find this man? Revenge? It's a disease—and its cure is remorse. It hurts you more than it can hurt him. It will destroy you. Why don't you go back to the real navy? Dad can fix it. You're like a son to him. One of the bigwigs in the Navy Department is coming down for the week-end. I'll get dad to trade him some votes for a couple of cruisers or a first-class battleship, if necessary, to get you your commission. It's too absurd to think of throwing away an Annapolis training like this, eating out your heart, living alone, brooding like a savage, and living for revenge. Don darling, Stanley would hate himself if he knew how he has influenced your life.”

She turned to Van.

“You don't realize what this means. Don's people have been commanders and admirals, real admirals, in the United States Navy ever since there was a navy. One of his ancestors sailed with John Paul Jones. His grandpa was with Farragut. His father commanded a destroyer in the last war, and got two subs. Everybody in his family has had scrambled eggs on his hat.”

Van laughed. “Scrambled eggs?”



“Didn’t you ever hear of that? It’s navy slang for gold braid.”

Don stood up and eased the bath robe down over his shoulders.

“I wouldn’t take a navy commission right now,” he said, “if the President and four whiskered admirals came bringing it. Thanks just the same.”

But the vision of being a commissioned officer of the navy disturbed him all the rest of the day. Going back to the base in the cream-colored roadster, he toyed with the idea.

He must first find Buck. After that—

But even as he thought of that bright future the vision of the yellow-haired girl obscured it, made it unattractive. Even as he sat beside Inez—she was driving—and talked to her, he realized that he was searching the street for a glimpse of that girl.

“I’m sunk,” he thought. “But if I never see her again I’m doubly sunk.” . . .

A slender dark-haired boy with the red badge of a gunner’s mate on his left sleeve saluted as Don passed through the gate of Base 49. He fell into step with his officer, talking swiftly, passionately.

Mitchell shook his head.

“Come along topside,” he said. “This is something for the commander to decide.”

They walked up the steep gangplank to the deck of the station ship moored alongside the government wharf at Woods Hole. Don stood a moment looking at the cream-colored roadster speeding back toward Penzance Point.

DOROTHY WAYMAN *was born in California in 1893 and was educated in a convent and Bryn Mawr. She has been a newspaper woman in Boston and now edits a paper at Falmouth, Mass.*

EDWARD DOHERTY *has written two novels which have appeared in Liberty, and has had many years’ experience as a reporter, editor, and columnist on New York and Chicago newspapers.*

“The Navy Yard!” he said half aloud, looking at the patrol boats tied up alongside, squatty gray hulls all in a row, ugly ducklings mothered by the henlike station ship.

He walked hurriedly to the commander’s cabin.

“Laurie has rather a problem, sir,” he said. “I told him to explain it to you.”

Commander Howey, a little man with pink skin, crow’s-feet about his light-blue eyes, a neat man in the early fifties, looked annoyed. The boy shot a desperate look at the lieutenant, wet his lips nervously, and twisted his blue woolen cap in his bony hands.

“Speak up, Laurie,” the commander said.

“Sir, I’d like to be transferred.”

“His reason is a little out of the ordinary,” Mitchell explained. “His people, sir, are rumrunners. They’re in these waters, and Laurie’s afraid he’ll run afoul of their boat some night, and now that the order is shoot to kill—that is, if it’s necessary—”

“Yes, sir,” Laurie said quickly. “I’ve lost my heart for my work, sir. Every time I sight a speed boat out in the Sound at night, I think it’s my father’s boat, and—and—if I could only be transferred to Florida or one of the cutters, sir!”

“Huh! The order to shoot to kill, if necessary to stop a rumrunner, was issued some time ago. Why did you not apply for a transfer then?”

“BUT my father has just bought a new boat, sir. I—I just found it out a few days ago, sir. They—they—my father’s been away, sir, and just came back.”

“See the chief yeoman and put in your application,” the commander ordered. “It will be considered in due course. Regular duty until then.”

The boy saluted sullenly and left the cabin.

Commander Howey drummed nervously on his desk.

“Mitchell, it is getting intolerable!” he said. “We are surrounded by traitors among our own men. A federal agent informed me this afternoon that a load of liquor was brought ashore last night on Penzance Point and unloaded at the dock of the Pendleton place.”

Mitchell grinned.

“The Secretary of the Navy and a couple of whiskered admirals are due there tomorrow for the week-end,” he said.

The commander’s face darkened. “There you are. Trying to make a laughingstock of us. I can see them drinking that liquor now, and sneering at us—damn them. Well, I’ll show them!”

He spilled a bunch of tissue-paper radiograms out of a wire basket.

“There’s a rum ship lying off Nantucket. She’s still deep in the water. Plenty of stuff aboard her yet. The chances are they’ll try to bring in the rest of it tonight. It’s a point of honor to intercept that load. I want you to take a patrol yourself. Take a picked crew and go get them. If they run past you, shoot to kill. Sink the boat if you have to, but secure enough of her load for evidence.

“Shove off about eight o’clock and head for Monomoy. I don’t trust the men here. When you are well out, circle back. They’ll probably come in through the channel between Gay Head and No Man’s Land. Get something to eat now, and make your preparations. And take Laurie with you.”

The commander lowered his voice:

“Better take him to your house while you change—and watch him every minute. I’m taking no chances on his informing his father of our plans.”

WITH Laurie beside him, Mitchell drove through the village to the bungalow where he lived. On the way he stopped at his bootlegger’s.

Mitchell’s ethics were as mixed as most people’s since prohibition confused the situation. He pursued rumrunners, but he had no compunctions about patronizing bootleggers. He always bought his liquor, spending his government pay for it. But he never grafted, confiscated, or sequestered it for his own use.

“I’ve got some fine stuff,” the bootlegger said. “Scotch and rye. And I expect some champagne. I can deliver it to you tomorrow.”

“I want a quart of Scotch,” Mitchell said.

He wondered what the bootlegger would say if he knew his visitor was on his way to confiscate that champagne. And what would he say if he knew some of that liquor was intended for the palates of high navy officials?

He drove slowly home. Clouds had come into the sky. The day had turned gray. The sea was gray—gray as the bayberries on the bank. He sat in the car for a moment, gazing at his tiny modern bungalow, at the landlocked bay in front of it. For the first time his home looked bleak to him, desolate.

His eyes wandered to the weather-beaten old house on the hill, a house of many chimneys, two hundred years old or more. He had often looked at it and found it beautiful. Today it was ugly—unexplainably ugly and forlorn.

That sea gull perched on the bollard at the end of the wharf; that scallop dredger; that dingy little quahogger—once he thought all this romantic, picturesque. The russet of scrub oak, the green of jack pine growing around the curving shores, the neat stacks of lobster pots on the sand, with their faint tarry odor—all these had thrilled him only yesterday. Now—he couldn’t understand it—the view made him feel restless, lonesome, strange.

“Sunk,” he told himself. “Sunk deep.”

He got wearily out of the car and entered his house. It was small, chilly, musty, dark. He turned on all the lights, poured himself a drink, threw his hat on the sofa, tore off his coat and threw it on a chair. Laurie came in.

“Mind broiling a couple of lobsters?” Don asked him. “I’ve got to change my clothes.”

“If there’s one thing I can do, sir,” said Laurie, “it’s broil a lobster.”

“Great! And let’s have plenty of black coffee.”

The two ate in silence. When they had finished Laurie gathered up the scraps and bore them to the kitchen.

"Poor devil," Don thought. "He dreads this trip tonight. It may be his father who'll take off that load."

"Know anybody named Buck?" he asked Laurie.

The phone rang. Don picked up the receiver.

"This is Tony," a man's voice said, "a friend of Mr. Lanier's. You can use one grand, no?"

"I don't understand," Don said. "Speak up."

He understood perfectly. He was merely giving himself time to gain control of his temper.

"I say, you want one thousand dollar? You take your patrol boat east tonight. Tomorrow morning I send you one grand. You can use, no?"

"O. K.," Don said.

"O. K.," Tony repeated, and hung up.

At eight o'clock Don took the C. G. 237 down toward Handkerchief Shoal. As twilight came on he changed the course and ran back to the west.

At eleven o'clock he was lying inside the curve of Menemsha Bight, out of the path of steamers coming through the Sound.

Fog lay thick on the smooth swells that lifted and fell beneath the keel of the 75-footer. Little beads of moisture gathered on the windows of the wheelhouse.

The varnished wood of the chart desk, against which Don leaned, gleamed wet. Tiny rivulets slithered down the oilskin shoulders of Boatswain "Squinty" McGinty, who had his head thrust out a half-opened window.

Foghorns groaned *hooo-ooo-ooo* across the Sound at Nobska Point. A whistling buoy whined.

An eerie voice, muffled as the foghorns, spoke suddenly behind the lieutenant's back:

"Two three seven! Two three seven! From Base 49! Come in, please."

McGinty pulled in his head and ducked beneath the shelf of the chart desk. His round face, his black eyes, his black mustache, and that wet worsted blue cap gave him the look of an amiable seal, Don thought.

"Two three seven. McGinty speaking. Come in, Base 18."

A far-away voice droned in answer:

"Two three seven. Gay Head reports speed-boat engines apparently bound to the eastward. Stand by to intercept and search."

McGinty checked back the message and closed the radio cabinet. Mitchell leaned forward to pull the lever on the indicator. Bells jingled faintly below. A rhythmic vibration thrilled through the ship.

The wheelhouse door shook as someone on deck wrestled with it. The door stuck in its frame because of the dampness. Mitchell opened it, and Laurie came in—and fog curling like smoke.

"THERE she is!" McGinty breathed. He hunched his shoulders over the wheel to listen. Mitchell strained his ears but heard nothing save the foghorns. Suddenly he caught it—a rhythmic pulsation throbbing in the air, more felt than heard.

"All right, McGinty," he said.

McGinty advanced the engine-room telegraph. The deck beneath their feet shuddered as the engines responded. The patrol boat gathered way and moved off.

Shortly she began to lift and roll. Mitchell sensed they had come out from the shelter of the land. He glanced at the compass. McGinty was holding her west by north.

Sharp staccato beats filled the air suddenly. Mitchell, peering through the mist, said hoarsely:

"Right, McGinty. Right!"

McGinty swung the wheel over so swiftly the patrol boat heeled and rocked. Mitchell slid down the wet tilted deck, bringing up against the port windows. He grabbed for the searchlight handle, training it on the Coast Guard ensign. Laurie, unbid, cranked madly on the klaxon. A pearly glow filtered through the fog from the searchlight.

A low black shape, thrusting a creaming bow wave before it, flashed by in the luminous mist, clearing their counter by inches.

"Jumping jittering Judas!" cried McGinty. "He damn' near ran us down."

"Give them three blanks from the one-pounder, Laurie," Mitchell shouted.

Seizing the megaphone, he bawled through it as the speed boat vanished into the curtain of fog. Laurie pulled the lanyard.

The detonation had a muffled sound in the fog, but the spurt of flame showed bright.

"Quick!" Mitchell cried. "Full speed, McGinty. Hard right. He's headed inshore. We can cut him off. He's got only a quarter-mile clearance between here and the point. Let me get that searchlight on him. Laurie, put in a drum with tracer bullets. We'll get this dog, and get him right!"

"Boat like that'll make twenty-two knots, lieutenant," McGinty said.

"Yes. But we've got him pocketed. He's got to come out and cross our bow again. He'll be a perfect target. Aim amidships, Laurie. Try for his gas tank."

LISTENING intently as the patrol boat plunged ahead, Mitchell caught the beat of the speed boat's engines, coming closer, on the right.

Jubilantly he swung the searchlight finger questing over the oily water.

"Here he comes! Stand by now, Laurie."

There was no answering "Aye, aye" from the gunner. Mitchell failed to note that. He had just picked up, in the long beam of the searchlight, the bow wave of the oncoming rumrunner angling across his course.

Suddenly the patrol boat gave a tremendous lurch and yawed off.

McGinty spun the wheel and spat out a string of curses and a stream of tobacco juice.

"What the hell's the matter? Keep her on her course!"

"Wheel rope's parted; she don't answer her helm, sir," the bo's'n answered.

Mitchell caught a glimpse of the speed boat, to port now, broadside on. In the ray of the powerful searchlight he could see the deck piled high with dark burlap sacks. Above them showed the silhouette of a fisherman's sou'wester.

"You won't get away from me!" he cried. He sprang for the machine gun mounted forward.

"Keep that light on her, McGinty."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Nearer and nearer the rumrunner came. Mitchell waited for the right moment.

Hands clutched at his knees. A frantic grip pulled him down.

"Lieutenant, for God's sake, don't fire! That's a girl steering that boat."

Mitchell, maddened, pushed the man away, went back to the gun.

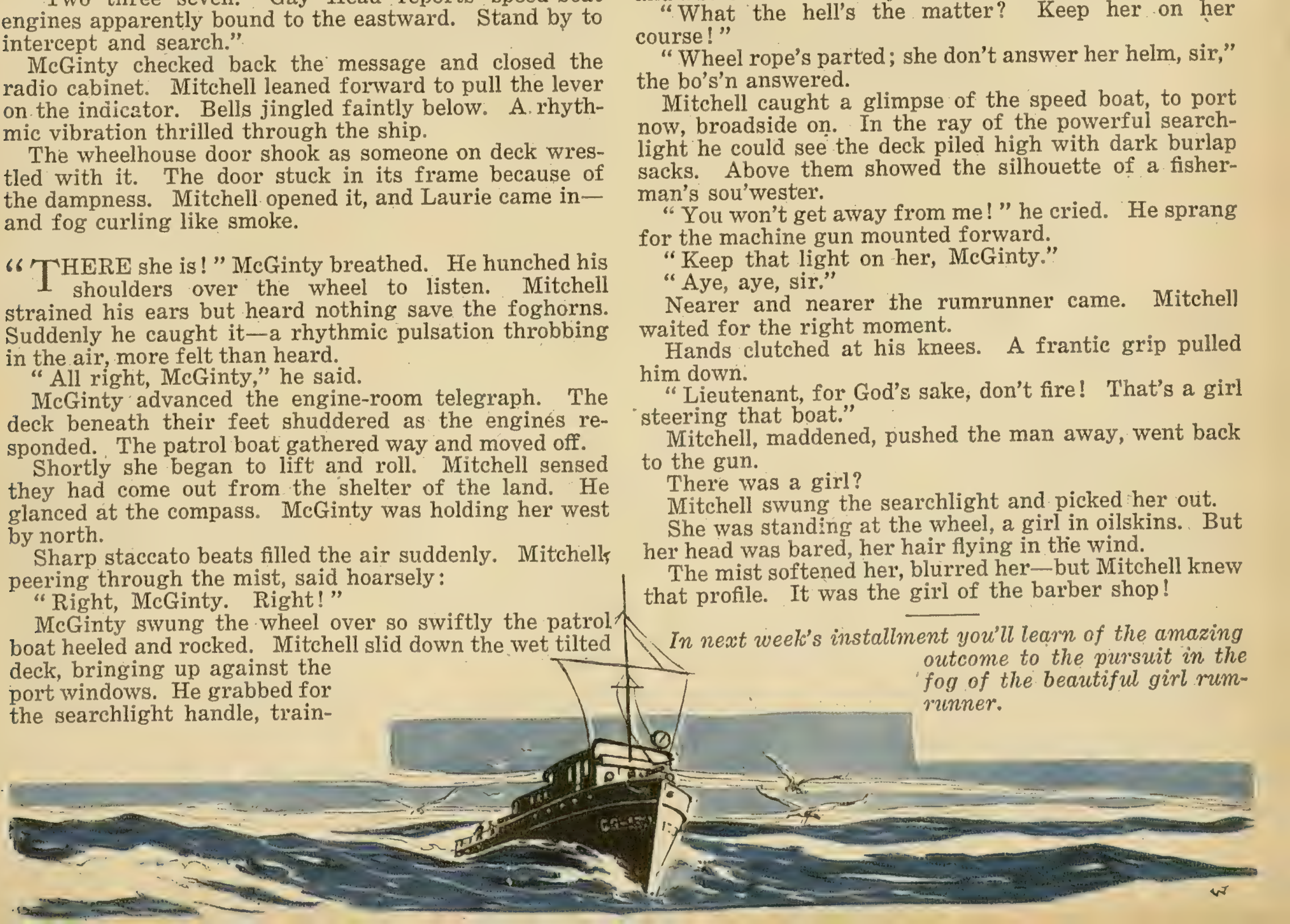
There was a girl?

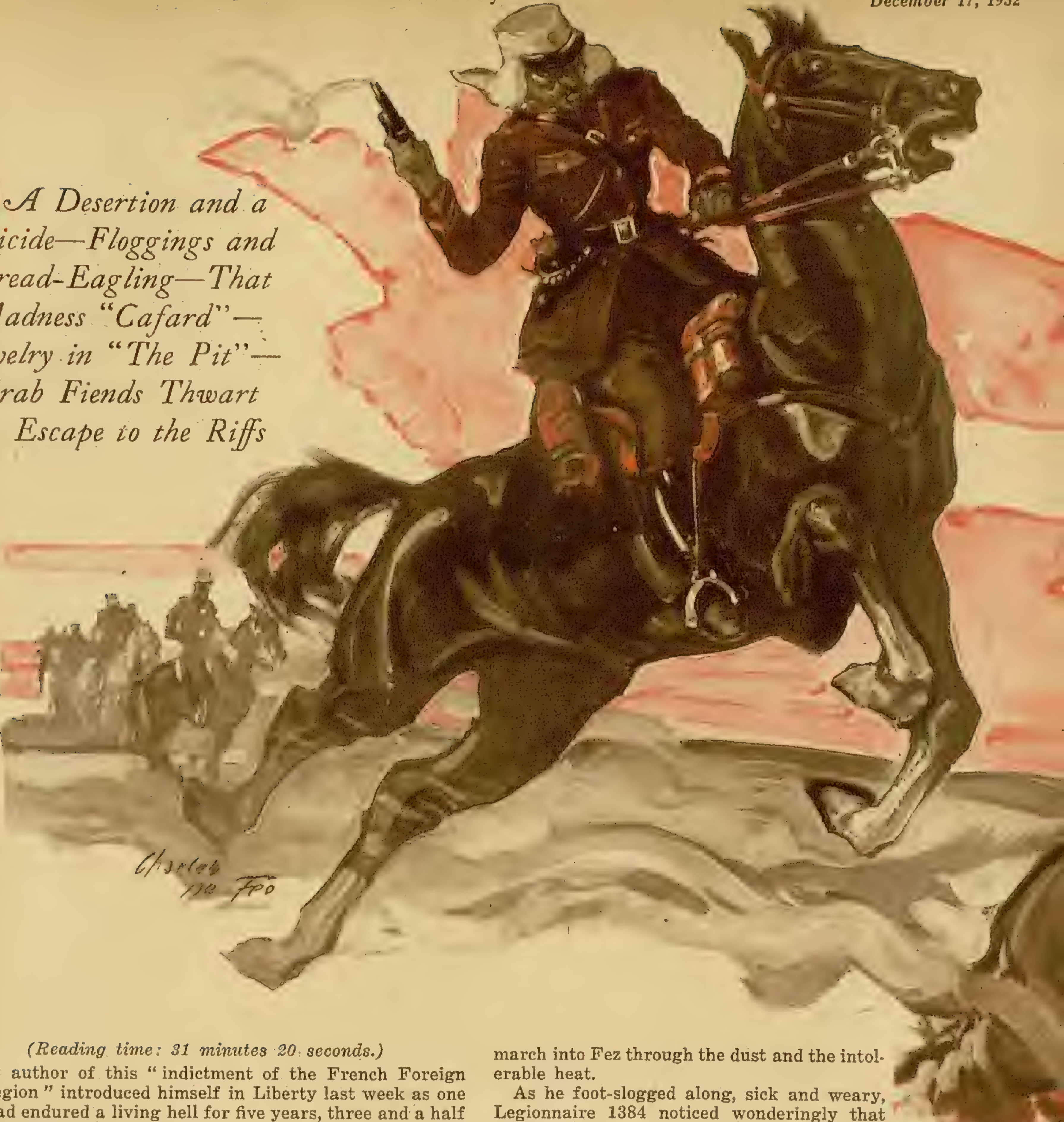
Mitchell swung the searchlight and picked her out.

She was standing at the wheel, a girl in oilskins. But her head was bared, her hair flying in the wind.

The mist softened her, blurred her—but Mitchell knew that profile. It was the girl of the barber shop!

In next week's installment you'll learn of the amazing outcome to the pursuit in the fog of the beautiful girl rumrunner.





A Desertion and a Suicide—Floggings and Spread-Eagling—That Madness "Cafard"—Revelry in "The Pit"—Arab Fiends Thwart an Escape to the Riffs

(Reading time: 31 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE author of this " indictment of the French Foreign Legion " introduced himself in Liberty last week as one who had endured a living hell for five years, three and a half in the Legion itself and eighteen months in French prisons.

He said his aim in writing was an indictment of the Legion and of the military authorities responsible for it as " encouraging a tradition which can only make inhuman brutes of men."

As a Legionnaire, he said, he had taken part in battles and the defense of outposts on both the Moroccan and Syrian frontiers, and had been awarded the Croix de Guerre, the Medal of Morocco, the Medal of Syria, and the Rashya Medal. " The name [Barrington] I use here is assumed," he said frankly. " So are those of McCann, my American chum, Lieutenant Beaumont, and Captain Dupont. For the rest, the names of men and places, of battles, massacres, sieges, and the like are true and, in the case of the latter, on record." He added that the facts of his own service " are recorded against me as Legionnaire No. 1384, and can always be verified."

He proceeded to tell the thrilling and harrowing story of the defense of Bab Mezrab, an outpost on the Moroccan frontier, in which he and McCann and their comrades of the Fifth Squadron had, for days on end, to " exist in the burning heat without water, and fight! "—until but thirteen and then but ten were left standing to hold off the bloodthirsty Riffs. At that stage they were relieved by a column of Legion infantry, with which they had to make a long day's quick march into Fez through the dust and the intolerable heat.

As he foot-slogged along, sick and weary, Legionnaire 1384 noticed wonderingly that a young French officer of the relief column had fallen into step at his side.

PART TWO—TORMENTS AND ORGIES

THEN the young officer began to talk. He was Lieutenant Beaumont, and what did I think of the Moroccan war? Naturally I thought he was merely amusing himself with a fool of a Legionnaire, and I took little notice of his chatter, did not trouble to answer, in fact. But I gathered that he was fresh from St. Cyr, the Sandhurst or the West Point of France, and was attached to the battalion of Senegalese. His appearance at Bab Mezrab with the relief column was his first taste of the war zone.

" *Mon légionnaire, c'est très terrible! Terrible!* "

I stared at him then. He was only a boy. He was nervous, excitable. Apparently the experience had been too much for him. He felt he had to talk to someone about what he had seen up there in the fort, and in his state he could hardly talk to a brother officer if he wished to keep his self-respect. How on earth did he get into Morocco? I wondered. He should not have been allowed to leave school for another few years.

He said, " You look as if you had been through hell."

" Not hell, *mon lieutenant*, but something worse! "

HELL Hounds!

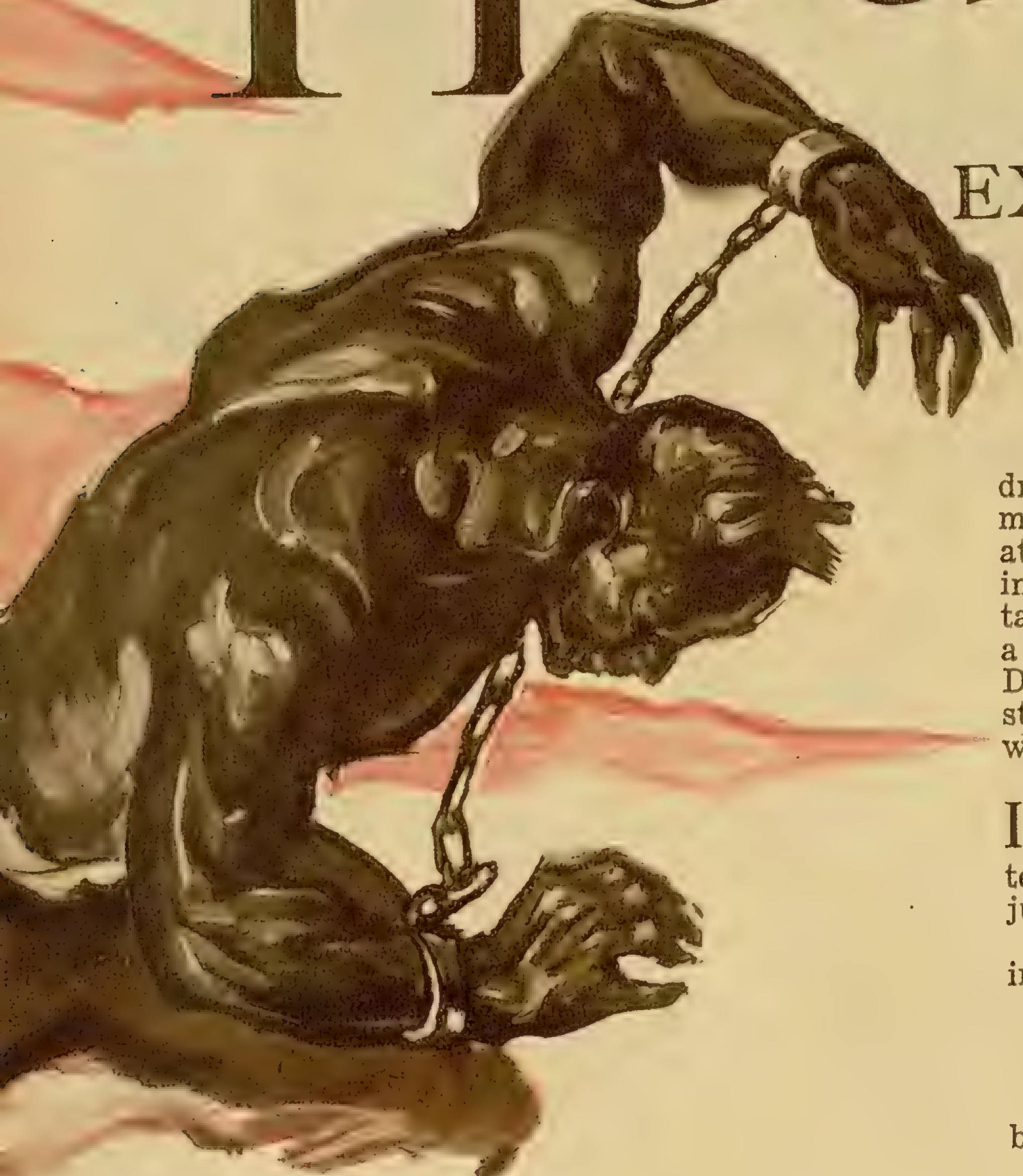
By

EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

In collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Pictures by CHARLES DE FEO



Behman started to run. Captain Dupont flew into his saddle and raced after him.

"Do the Riffs always cut up the wounded like that?"

"Yes," I admitted, "but sometimes the tortures are more horrible."

"But they could not be more horrible!"

How little he knew, this frightened little son of France! He was chewing his lips, making vain efforts to keep his nerve. Even in my utterly weary and fed-up condition, I could not help feeling a twinge of sympathy for the kid. God in heaven! What would happen to him if he were caught by the Riffs!

He did not address me again during that soul-searing march, but just plodded on, muttering and mumbling to himself. I thought, "If this kid goes *cafard*, I'll brain him at the first opportunity." But he did not. He kept on marching and muttering, marching and muttering. . . .

Darkness fell and we camped down for the night. The little band of Legionnaires kept together. We were given a double ration of wine and bread. Some of the French infantry, despite the fact that they hated and feared us, came and fraternized, something they would not dream of doing in barracks or elsewhere. They gave us more wine, and passed round cigarettes. For one night, at least, the despised Legion was to be respected. It was indeed a novel experience. The wine flowed. It did not take McCann long to get tight. That man must have had a constitution of cast iron. He began to sing songs about Dixie and his coal-black mammy, and the Frenchmen stood about and listened, believing him mad. Perhaps he was, a little.

IN the middle of the carousal I fell asleep, only to be awakened somewhere about midnight. There was a terrific commotion in the camp. I grabbed my rifle and jumped to my feet. McCann was already on his.

"O. K., Barrington," he grinned. "There isn't a Riff in sight. Flop down again, you lime-juicer!"

"What's on?"

"Some guy's dropped his medal."

"Who?"

"That young lieutenant—pal o' yours, ain't he? He's bolted."

"Lieutenant Beaumont d'you mean?"

"Sure! And I don't blame him. Nice little boy. But it'll be a bit tough on his folks, eh? Pass the *bidon*, Barrington, and for the love of Mike don't look so damned scared!"

"But, McCann, he's only a child!"

McCann grinned. "That's what the Riffs will take him for."

"Mac, you're a dirty swine!"

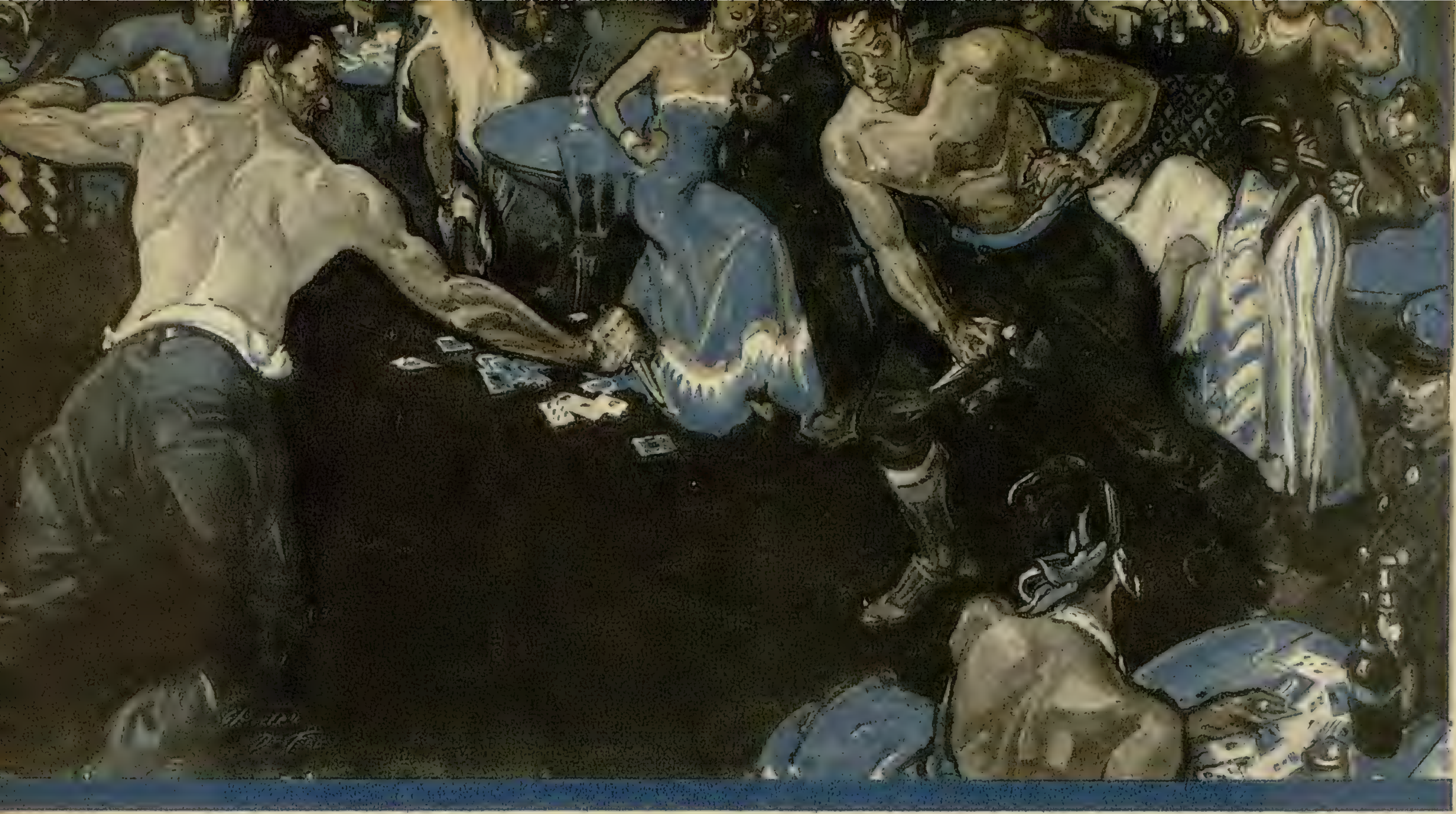
"Yeah? Well, there's a war on around here, ain't there?"

"I can't get that kid out of my head."

"Say, boy, take a drink and pound your ear again. We'll be hoofing it in another hour or two."

I rolled into my blanket, but in spite of my numbed and aching limbs I could not sleep. I was thinking. I stared up at the stars with the picture of that French boy in my mind, wandering about in the desert alone, a prey to unnamable things. Why should I worry about the French kid? What did he want to come out to Morocco for, when he might have been doing garrison duty in the south of France? Men of the Legion have definite reasons for their presence in Morocco or Syria, mostly unsavory ones. So have the French officers who command them. But this kid . . .

When we assembled next morning to march on to Fez, word came that the missing lieutenant had been found.



Knives were flashed when, fuddled with wine and crazed with desire, two of the boys would start a stabbing affray.

Well, it was a case of God help him now, in either event, lost or found. Even the Legionnaires would despise him.

By noon of that day we had reached Fez, and were soon settled in the barracks. A large detachment of Legion cavalry awaited our arrival. The Fifth Squadron was to be reënforced without delay. Obviously there was more dirty work ahead of us. It would be interesting to get among a fresh bunch of Legionnaires. There would be another batch of counts, princes, rogues, and vagabonds; more hereditary monarchs fleeing their countries because of some vague, inexplicable crisis of the kind that seem always to be creating disruption among the smaller European states. There is this to be said of life in the Legion: it is never monotonous.

On the second day after our arrival in Fez there began that series of parades and inspections and preparations that mark the life of the Legion in barracks. The newcomers gained the idea, of course, that we were about to move off almost immediately. They were later to learn that such hurried bustlings and sudden alarms were a regular feature of the life.

Floggings, too, are a constant source of diversion. Freshers had to learn in the most painful fashion that a Legion N. C. O. must be saluted, whether in or out of barracks, and that they must stand to attention while addressing noncommissioned officers. Failure to comply meant a flogging. And the French of the Legion are supreme artists in the use of the whip and the salt-water pail. They flogged scientifically. They flayed with the salted whip in such a way as to render a man insensible by means of a given number of strokes, since no flogging was completed until the victim lost consciousness.

SOME of the sergeants took a great pride in this work. In the first place, it was invariably carried out under the eyes of the general body, perhaps as a sort of example to others. Secondly, the sergeant wielding the whip would usually keep up a stream of sardonic and ironic comments:

" Ah, *mon légionnaire.*" Slash! " Did not understand, eh? " Slash! " Poor fellow! " Slash! " I am so sorry for you." Slash! " If I could but help you." Slash! " My heart aches for you." Slash! " Shall we tell momma? " Slash! And so on, until the body of the victim slumped into unconsciousness.

It was on that second day that McCann and I were sent for by Captain Dupont. We had been chosen for special guard over an officer in prison. We were to do the unusual guard of three hours on and two off, and the Skipper gave us to understand that we had been picked because we could be trusted to keep our mouths shut.

Off we marched to the officers' quarters. Our prisoner was Lieutenant Beaumont. I had suspected as much, and so had McCann. We had instructions not to leave the door of his room, and to spend as much time inside with him as possible. It was late afternoon, and as I was mounting first guard, McCann decided to roll into his blankets and get some sleep. At the end of two hours he would take an hour with me, then two alone, and so on.

MY first hour with the boy was spent in his room. He wanted to talk, and I made no attempt to check him. He was terrified, appalled at the thing he had done. He had lost his head and had wandered off into the desert. Even now he did not understand why he should be awaiting trial by *Conseil de Guerre,* since he had not known what he was doing. He had not been himself that night, when he had walked blindly from the camp into the desert. A little mad perhaps. Did they not excuse madness in the French army? Surely he could not be held responsible for such an action?

" *Mon Dieu!* I can never stand the disgrace! "

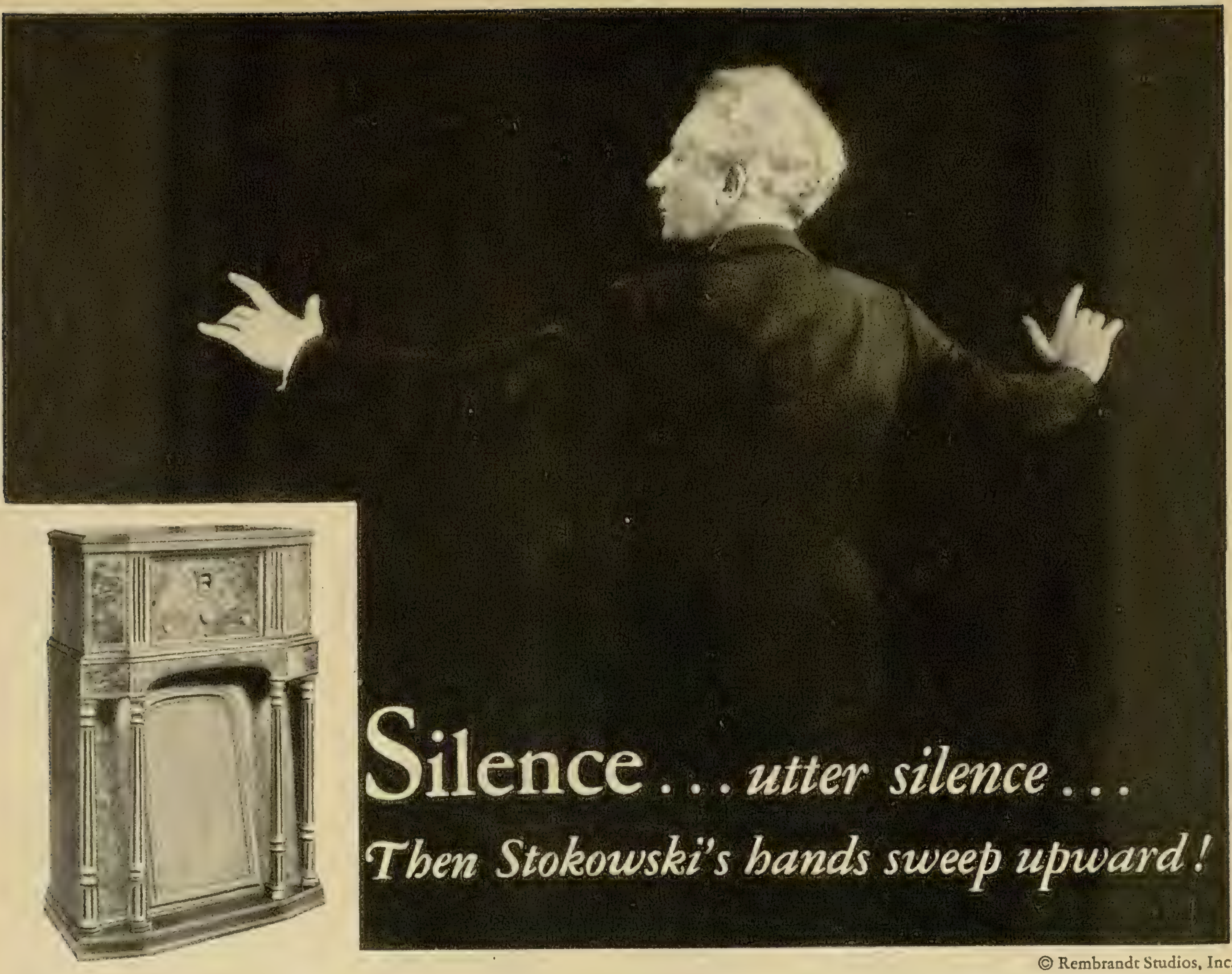
" You will get over it, *mon lieutenant.*"

" *Non, non! Non, non!* The dishonor! I shall be drummed out—or sent to that terrible penal battalion! "

He wept, talking of his beautiful home in Brittany. He had never wished to serve in the French army, much less in Morocco. But since he must serve, his father had insisted that he should see something of the world during the period. He talked of his mother, brother, and his two sisters. What would they think of him, a dishonored soldier of France? He would never see them again, never enter the home he loved, never enjoy again that wonderful garden in which he had played since childhood. He was ruined! Finished!

" Is it not strange that I, an officer of the French army, should talk to you, a soldier of the Legion, like this? But maybe, *mon légionnaire,* you too were once an officer? Why did you join the terrible Legion? "

I smiled. I wondered just how many times I had been asked that question. And because I had always refused to answer it, it was assumed that I had committed the worst of crimes, for the Legionnaire who had no tale to tell of his presence in *(Continued on page sixteen)*



Silence . . . *utter silence . . .*

Then Stokowski's hands sweep upward!

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UNBALANCED RADIO
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(Continued from page fourteen) the Legion *must* have committed the capital crime, or why should he be afraid to discuss the reason?

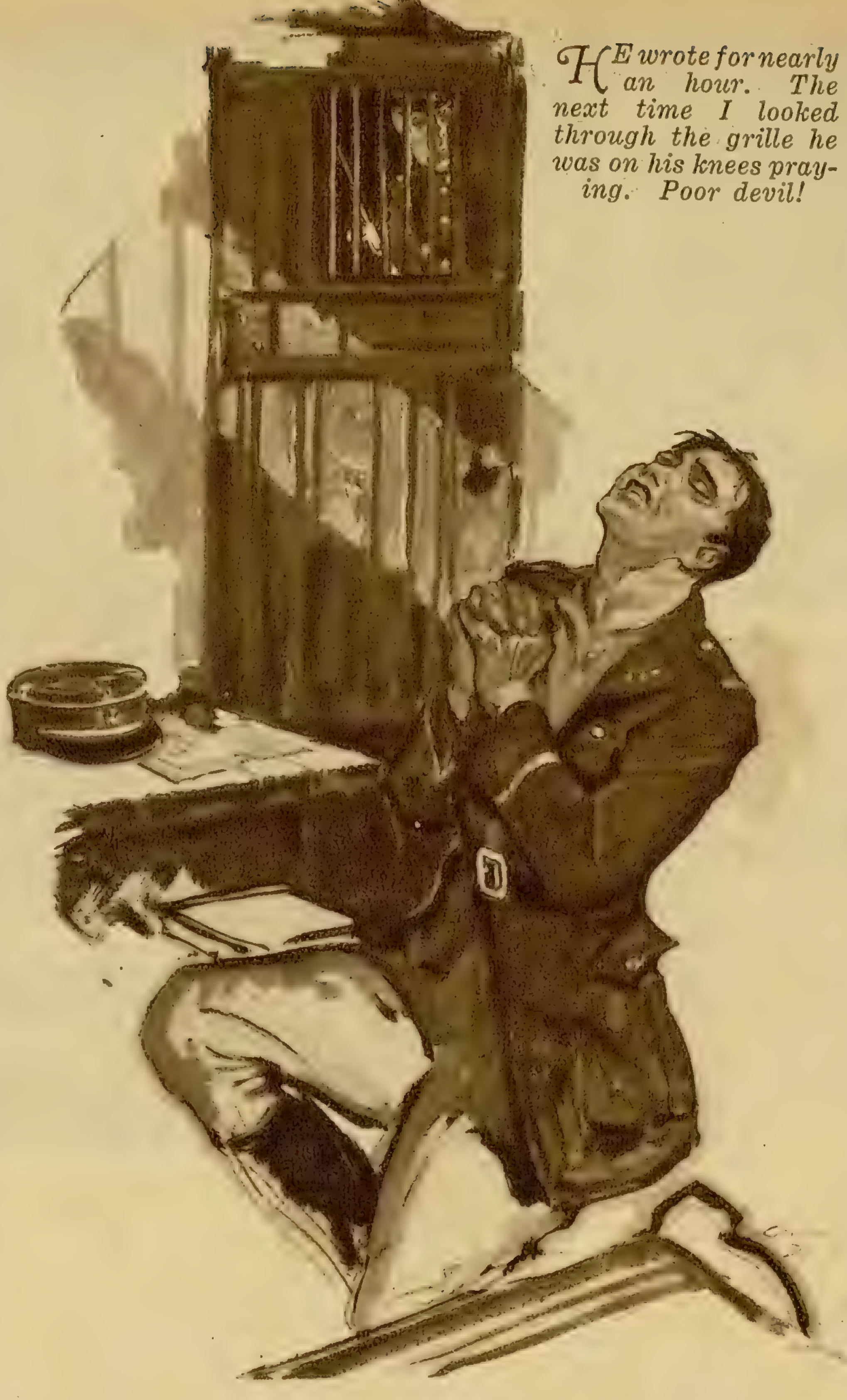
But this young officer, with his sentimental turn of mind, had quite another reason:

"*Une femme?*"

I laughed. A woman indeed! All sorts of reasons prompt all manner of men to leave their homes and their countries, to lose their identity in the Foreign Legion. But a woman? Well, indirectly, no doubt, there is often a woman behind these strange disappearances.

But this young, pitiful specimen of a soldier was not laughing. He was blubbering openly now, his nerves in shreds, blabbing about the little girl he would never see again, she of the so wonderful lips and eyes and hair. The fool! I was suddenly overwhelmed with disgust at the spectacle. So it was a girl! He had been thinking of her, worrying about her, was tormented by the thoughts of her, when he had walked stupidly into the desert. It was not so much the mother, the brother and sisters, the beautiful home and the lovely garden. It was some chit of a girl. My godfathers!

I left him then. He would, he said, busy himself writing letters. He would write to his mother and to the little girl. I took up my stand outside the door. Occasionally I looked through the grille. He wrote steadily for nearly an hour. He wrote swiftly, as one in dead earnest, writing against time. There was quite a neat pile of letters on the bench. Even then I did not dream of what all this meant. The next time I looked through the little grille he was on his knees praying. I turned my back on him. Poor devil! The next minute a shot rang out. I could not have been more startled had I been the target. Swinging round, I stared through the grille! Lieutenant Beaumont was crumpled up on the floor, a smoking automatic in his hand, blood trickling from his temple.



He wrote for nearly an hour. The next time I looked through the grille he was on his knees praying. Poor devil!

I BURST through the door and dropped to my knees. He was almost gone. Nothing could save him now. McCann came flying into the room.

"Barrington! What in hell—"

An excited group of officers came crowding in, and with them, Captain Dupont.

"*Sacre bon Dieu!* Barrington, how did this happen? Who gave him the Mauser? *Nom d'un chien*, speak, speak!"

I explained that I had left him alone in the room, that I had looked through the grille and had seen him at prayer—and then the shot. I knew nothing about the Mauser. I did not know he had one. We had had no orders to search him. We assumed that such precautions had been taken before we mounted guard. The Skipper knew, of course, that it was not our job to search an officer.

Captain Dupont listened, nodded, turned the body over with his foot, shrugged his shoulders, then left the room with the bunch of officers tailing him. McCann and I were dismissed. There was no further need for guard. That boy had taken the gentleman's way out. From the point of view of his family, he had decided it would be better to die than to live to dishonor them.

"I wonder who slipped him the gun, McCann?"

McCann's eyes lifted. "A sympathetic brother officer, I guess."

And that was that.

EARLY next morning an inquiry was held. I, naturally, was the principal witness. I could only repeat my story. Had the prisoner talked? He had talked a great deal. What about? I recited as much as I could remember. Captain Dupont looked his disgust. He asked a great many searching questions. Every officer in his battalion was closely questioned. The result was nil. Nobody knew, nobody cared. It did not matter, anyway. The inquiry was a mere formality. The obliging officer, whoever he was, had saved headquarters a lot of trouble.

The episode was dismissed with characteristic shrugs. But it was not the end so far as McCann and I were concerned. We had hardly got back into barracks that same morning before we were hauled out again by a sergeant, and taken once more before Captain Dupont. For our sins we were detailed to accompany a couple of Legionnaires out beyond the town to the open desert, where they were to be punished for some misdemeanor or other.

McCann was cursing volubly as we saddled our mounts and rode round to the prison quarters.

"What do these damned frogs think we are, Barrington?"

I laughed. "I expect they take us for a couple of Legionnaires."

"Or a couple of first-class jailers. I wonder what these two poor guys have been doing?"

As soon as the prisoners were brought out, chained wrist and ankle, we had a pretty fair idea. They were two Germans, hefty, tow-haired giants, as tough as you like, and everlastingly rowing with somebody. I should think those two fellows had enough weals on their broad backs to supply a railway track. But no amount of flogging seemed to affect them. They would turn up a few hours after leaving the whipping post, contrive to become fighting drunk, and start more trouble. They were good soldiers, and I suspect the Skipper was not at all inclined to send them to prison for any length of time. He wanted to keep them. But he was determined to cure them. As the British sergeant majors used to say, "You broke your mother's heart, but you won't break mine!" That was the Skipper's complex, but in him it was intensified a thousand times. His object was to break the two Jerrys, Behman and Sargas, and have done with their tantrums once and for all. Hence this little expedition into the desert.

We set off at a trot, the Skipper, a Russian sergeant named Lendedoff, a Belgian corporal named Peters, McCann, and myself. We were all mounted, of course, leading the prisoners at a jog trot, padding the dust with their chains jingling. Once we were clear of the town, the order was given to gallop, and what this meant for the two poor devils on foot must be seen to be fully appreciated. In less than half an hour they were drenched with sweat, coated with dust kicked up by the mounts, and reduced to a state of utter wretchedness.

BUT we realized that this was only a preliminary to the actual punishment. We knew only too well what it was to be. We knew also that we should be in the desert for eight or nine hours, and we certainly did not relish the prospect. It was going to be a devilish long day. The inquiry had been held at five A. M., and it was barely seven o'clock now. The sun was beginning to make itself felt. We of the escort were fully protected against the fierce heat rays by our cap curtains and, of course, full-dress uniform. (The Legionnaire always wears a thick blue-serge tunic, despite the heat. It makes him perspire freely and is decidedly uncomfortable; but it stops the sun from penetrating to his spine.) Our two prisoners, however, were practically stripped and wore loose breeches.

As they ran along between the horses' hoofs in a ghastly attempt to keep up with us or have their necks broken by the sudden strain on the leathern collars, they looked a pitiful spectacle indeed. They were doing a sort of hop-skip-stumble-and-jump race, which might have been very comic if it had not been so damnably tragic. And the only relief they had was to mouth foul oaths upon the Legion, the French officers, and the French as a nation. All in German, of course, with *"Gott im Himmel!"* a frequent interpolation.

And this was but the beginning! When we had gone sufficiently far out into the desert to please the Skipper, we were halted, and the real, serious business of punishing these two incorrigibles was begun. A number of heavy stakes were driven into the ground so that they stood only a foot or so above the sand. Then Behman and Sargas were spread-eagled in the dust, their ankles and wrists being secured to the stakes. For the next few hours—as long as it pleased his Majesty the Skipper—

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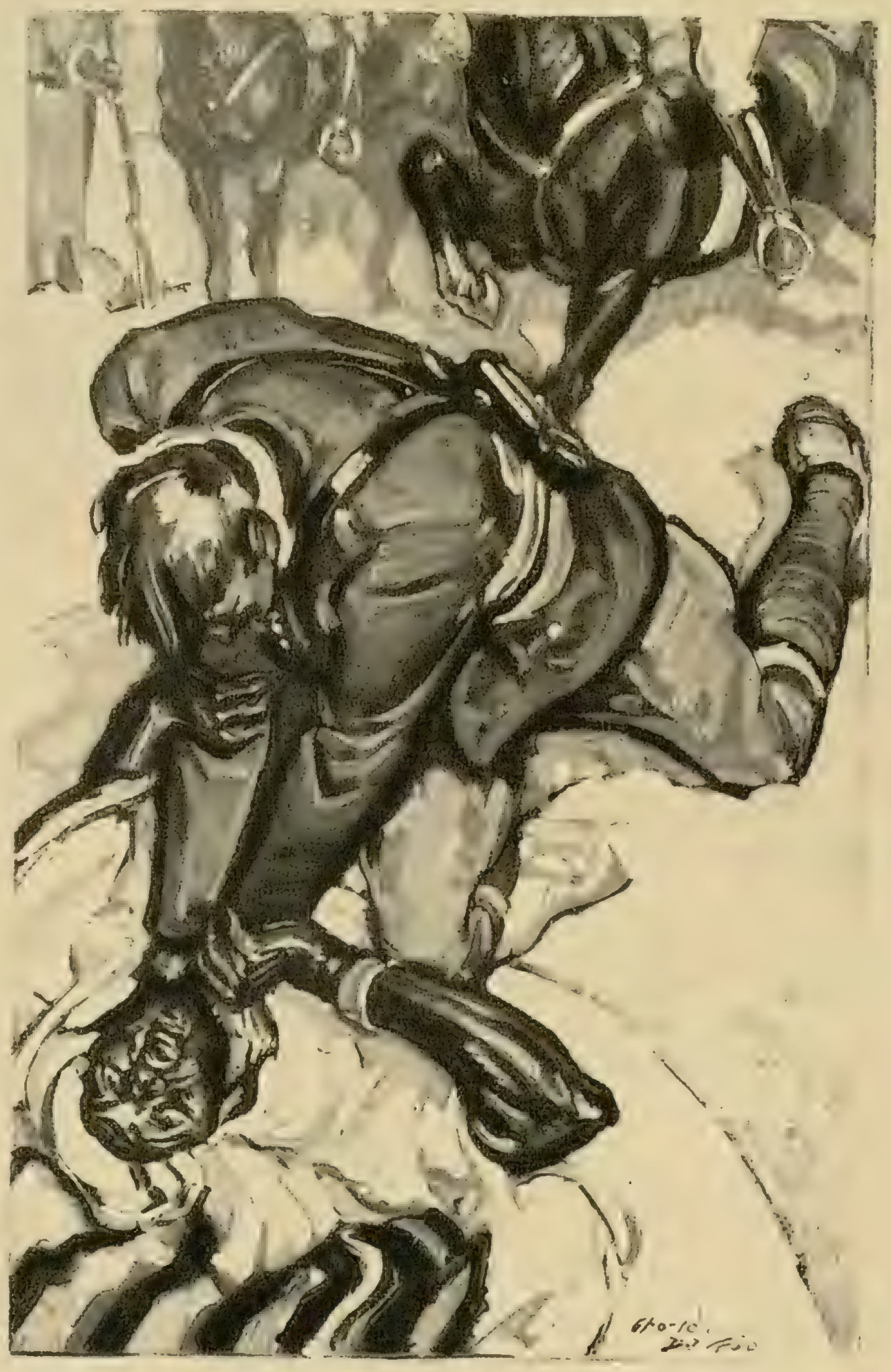
they would remain there, staring up with burning eyeballs into the fierce glare of the sun. It was our job as escort to ride round the tortured creatures in a big ring, round and round all day long at a walk-march, not too far away from them, so that they might become maddened by the sight of the incessant circling hoofs! One horseman was allowed to break the ring at a time for a meal, and this he was compelled to take inside the ring, where the sun-blackened, parched, thirst-maddened wretches could not help but see him.

So it went on, hour after hour, through the perishing heat of that day, while the exposed skin of those two lying there blistered and cracked. Here indeed was the refinement of cruelty, devised by French commanders who have studied at first-hand the methods of the Arabs, Riffs, and Druses, who are beyond question the world's most diabolical torturers. To add to the excruciating agonies of the two Germans, there was the cloud of dust raised by the trampling hoofs that almost smothered them at times, filling their nostrils and gritting their cracked lips. And there was the torture of the flies. Until you have been bitten by a desert fly you cannot know, cannot imagine the appalling terror of having a thousand such creatures amusing themselves over a sun-blistered chest.



The sergeant stumbled to the ground with me on top of him. I started to choke the life out of him.

The prisoners were spread-eagled at about eight o'clock in the morning, and by four of the afternoon they had passed beyond feeling. There was therefore no necessity to keep them any longer. Those two men, brave beyond belief, who gave no mercy nor expected any, afraid of neither man nor devil, were at long last tortured into submission. Captain Dupont was satisfied that he had broken them in. Henceforth they would no doubt be good soldiers, giving no trouble. McCann and I, no children at the game, were both on the verge of giggling with hysteria as we loosened the straps and freed them. The Skipper, on the other hand, looked on with his black-bearded poker face and his air of supreme nonchalance. The two Germans rolled over in the sand as we loosened them, hiding their faces from the burning sun.

SUDDENLY Behman leaped to his feet with a yell, turned wildly, and started to run into the desert. Captain Dupont flew into his saddle and raced after him. We stood and watched. There seemed no doubt that he had gone *cafard*. The punishment had been too much for even his endurance. The Skipper's Mauser cracked once. Behman threw up his hands, then slithered into the dust. That was the end of him.

Now we were watching Sargas very closely. He had seen the shooting of his chum with wild eyes. I had a strong suspicion that he was waiting for his opportunity. The Skipper looked at him, and Sargas returned the look, incredible hate in his eyes. He was dragged to his feet, and between us we carried him back to the cells.

"That guy won't last long," commented McCann, as we left him and returned to barracks.

"It looks to me as if he would make more trouble. I didn't like his eyes a bit. We haven't heard the last of him."

"Surest thing you know, boy. That guy's going to take it out of somebody—before he follows his pal. He's *cafard* too. But he's foxier than Behman. Somebody will need to keep his eyes skinned," McCann said darkly.

I knew what he meant. That "somebody" was the Skipper.

The next day we learned that our suspicions had been confirmed. Sargas attempted to knife the Skipper, and was shot down in cold blood.

BY this time we had begun to find our way around Fez. Like most North African towns, it was indescribably filthy and amazingly well supplied with drinking shops. We had sampled some of these to which Legionnaires were admitted, and we had been thrown out of one or two to which they were not. But there was one in particular that pleased us mightily. Not because it provided any better show than the others, but because of its situation. It was an underground den kept by one Cailis, a Greek, an incredibly fat and filthy fellow who could be the soul of discretion. Other men of the Legion had found it too; in fact, Legionnaires were the only soldiers who frequented the place. For the rest, there was a motley crowd of low-class Arabs, Negroes, half-caste French and Portuguese, and of course the dancing girls, who seem to have originated from every quarter of Europe and the Near East.

This secret den of drink and debauchery my chum and I had named the Pit, since that seemed as apt a description as could be devised. We stayed nearly a fortnight in Fez, which was a long time for any detachment to be at rest in any particular spot, and during this time we got into the habit of wandering of an evening through the tortuous alleys and back streets of the native quarter, and down to the Pit.

There, in a huge room, with a bar at one end, tables round the walls, and a dancing floor in the center, we would spend many weird and wonderful hours. On a raised dais sat a wrinkled old man, whose only covering was a bright red loin cloth embroidered in fantastic designs. He strummed on weird stringed instruments; in fact, he seemed to spend the whole of his waking hours in this occupation, for we never went into the place but he was strumming, so that we came to associate the incessant noise with the Pit, just as people of a big city associate the noise of traffic with the city itself, and never hear it. Those boisterous evenings usually began with pseudo-dancing. A bunch of girls, some white, some olive, some brown, pretty as paint and scantily clothed, would take the center of the floor and begin a series of posturings that could not by any stretch of imagination be termed dancing. Every one of them was a contortionist in herself, writhing her supple form into the most amazing poses, graceful yet sensuous, with certain swift and unexpected subtleties, sinuous, alluring, invitingly voluptuous, tinkling with love and laughter.

And what could battle-scarred, sex-starved Legionnaires do against such feminine artistry? How did they respond to such an environment? So far as the impudent, merrymaking girls were concerned, it was all a foregone conclusion. They ended the dance, inevitably, on the knees of the Legion. Then there would be much drinking—with wine at ha'penny a gallon!—love-making, public and unashamed, pleasures and excitements specially distilled to appeal to soldiers of the Legion.

BRAWLS were frequent, knives were flashed over the possession of a particularly bewitching Jezebel when, fuddled with wine and crazed with desire, two of the boys would start a stabbing affray. This would become a sort of extra item of the night's entertainment. The dancing floor would be cleared. The two Legionnaires would take off their heavy boots, draw their knives, and face each other, while all the girls would retire to the laps of their "friends for a night," smoking and drinking and vamping, and thoroughly enjoying the antics of the two combatants. These girls would yell their encouragement to one or other of the fighters, using half a dozen different languages, and promising themselves to the victor. And all the time that fat old Greek, Cailis, would sit behind his bar and beam and beam and beam. The hoary old musician in his flaming loin cloth would strum and strum and strum.

The result would be a sanguinary mess, and no satisfaction for either side. The two Legionnaires with their cuts and slashes and bruises, would retire exhausted, to drink themselves into a stupor, for by this time most of the girls would have disappeared and there would be no prizes for distribution.

McCann and I had been frequenting the place for nearly a week when we noticed that something decidedly strange was afoot. About a dozen of our comrades had taken to bunching themselves together in a corner, away from everyone else. They even drew their tables together as if in some sort of conference. Their behavior was extremely secretive, to say the least; for they drank with caution, took no part in the carousals, and entirely ignored the girls. Most unsoldierly conduct!

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Hacken and one Leondoff, a Russian, were quite well known to McCann and me. They were tough fellows and very dependable.

"Say, Barrington, these guys look as if they were for starting a war of their own. What say? Shall we butt in?"

I agreed it was time we knew something of what was going on; and so we went over and seated ourselves among them. Our reception was a sudden silence and cold, unfriendly stares, but we were by no means daunted. We knew our Legionnaires, and, what was more important, our Legionnaires knew us. Besides, no man in the Legion carries tales. In all my years of service I knew only two men who attempted that risky proceeding, and both were found later with their own knives buried in them up to the hilt.

When the group had warmed to our presence we were told of a wonderful plan for a wholesale desertion. It seemed that information of a more or less reliable character had been passed through from Abd-el-Krim, chief of the Riffs, that if any of the Legionnaires wished to desert and would give themselves up, he would undertake to convey them safely to their own countries. McCann and I had heard of this sort of thing before. We had seen others depart—and return! But the Hacken-Leondoff group would have none of our doubts and warnings. They were all set for the big effort. Rations and food had already been conveyed to a secret spot in the desert, where they could collect them and then proceed toward the Riffian mountains. Abd-el-Krim would do the rest. In fact, they were to start that very night; and though McCann and I refused to join them, they knew their plans were safe with us.

A Legionnaire thinks of little else but ways and means of escape from the horrors of life in the Legion, but this seemed to me one of the craziest I had ever encountered. For these boys to move off in a bunch across the desert was the height of folly.

Next Week—

HOW to KEEP PEACE on EARTH

By **LIEUT. GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD**

A distinguished soldier marshals his reasons for believing preparedness the only way to end war

GERMANY'S OFFICIAL REPLY TO SERGEANT HALYBURTON

By LT. COL. ALFONS FONCK

Also stories and articles
by Paul Annixter—
Richard Stallings—
Carol Frink—
J. P. McEvoy

"They must be mad to go in a crowd like that," I said, as McCann and I returned to barracks that night.

He expressed his contempt of the whole scheme in five words:

"Hell of a fat chance!"

Precisely! A dozen Legionnaires trudging together across the desert would most certainly be taken for a patrol, and as soon as the Riffs caught sight of them they would be shot down, murdered, before they had time to explain themselves. Always supposing, of course, that they could keep clear of the Partisans while they were making the Riff country—a different feat for two men, let alone a dozen!

I ROLLED into my blankets that night with my mind full of the crazy deserters, wondering greatly just what would happen to them. For several days the Moroccan front had been fairly quiet, and that could only mean that the Partisans would be more than usually active, since there were more attempted desertions during the quiet periods than at any other time. I felt pretty certain those foolhardy warriors were bidding for inevitable capture and punishment; but I had no idea, as I fell asleep, how soon I should find my premonition justified.

The next day Captain Dupont took out a platoon of the newly reënforced Fifth Squadron on a tax-collecting expedition. These excursions were always popular among the Legionnaires. Men almost begged to be included in such parties. As the Skipper's servant and bodyguard, I was always there, and since McCann was in the same platoon we got a great deal of this kind of diversion. The chief thing about tax collecting was the excellent opportunities it provided for looting. Therein lay its principal attraction. Although there were occasions that offered plenty of excitement and adventure, it was the looting and the woman-baiting that mattered; and these diversions were indulged in by all ranks, from the commanding officers downward.

Fez and its environs made a particularly good hunting ground. As the walled town itself was practically shut off from the scene of our operations—the orchards of oranges, pomegranates, apples, apricots, and the olive gardens—we went to work with comparative freedom. The procedure was for the whole detachment of fifty mounted men to ride in a body up to each farmstead and demand the tax forthwith. Obviously a good many of these peaceful, hard-working Arabians were unprepared for our advent, and might not be in a position to pay the tax. The order then was to take in kind in lieu of hard cash.

In other words, the officers and men were given the chance to take what they wished, not merely in the orchards but in the homesteads as well. Both McCann and I, who had been on these expeditions up and down the country, already possessed several hundred pounds' worth of loot, mostly antique jewelry; and as for the Skipper, that man carried sacks of it about with him everywhere he went, and he was constantly adding to it. The Legion on these terrible occasions was a law unto itself.

WHAT taxgathering meant to the women and young girls of the unfortunate homesteads can be left to the imagination. The example that our commander set his men in this connection was about the most gross and obscene I have ever witnessed; and, heaven knows, I saw enough! If I had been with him fifty years instead of less than five, I should never have been able to look upon his exhibitions of animal passion entirely unmoved. I was no saint. I, too, was a Legionnaire. But his craving for girls of school age was positively inhuman.

The Legion, of course, is a thing apart from all other human activities. The manners and customs of the men bred by the World War were saintly in comparison, for that was a transient thing. The Legion goes on and on; it has carried on for a hundred years. It is beyond human conception. It has to be experienced to be believed. Its logic is that only rats can be bred in sewers. The French Foreign Legion is the cesspool of humanity.

Having satisfied our various hungers, we turned our mounts toward Fez in the late afternoon of that day and made for the barracks. We were a bunch of tired savages who had adventured and feasted not wisely but too gluttonously. Every man carried a full pack in more senses than one.

We had been riding for rather more than an hour and were within sight of the walls of Fez, when we saw a band of horsemen coming slowly toward us. The Skipper called a halt, and sat surveying the strange band through his glasses. Before the party came near enough for us to see them properly, McCann and I had drawn our own conclusions.

They were, as we suspected, a number of Partisans, and they brought with them seven wretched deserters. They came slowly, painfully, it seemed, for the prisoners were being dragged along on foot. Never have I seen such a ghastly sight! It composed seven of the men, our own comrades, out of the twelve who had bolted the night before. But what men! There was Hacken, the big German, his eyes gouged out and raving mad, and the rest of them mutilated in a manner impossible to describe in cold print. Of Leondoff there was no sign. God knows what had happened to him! I looked at the gibbering wretches groveling there in the dust. Captain Dupont was questioning the Partisans.

They explained that they had found the seven Legionnaires in this condition at the foot of the hills beyond the plains. Some were already buried up to the shoulders and they had had to beat off the vultures in order to reach them.

I looked at the sergeant of the Partisans, saw the light of triumph in his black eyes and the cruel smile on his mouth. I suppose I was pretty well charged with the wine and other things I had thieved, and when I saw that look on the man's bestial face I suddenly went mad.

"You dirty swine!" I shouted. "You have done this!"

McCann grabbed at my arm, but I was already out of the saddle, and in another moment I had leaped with such force at the sergeant that he, unprepared, stumbled to the ground with me on top of him. And there I started in deadly earnest to choke the life out of him. I can feel now the thick red bristles of his leathery throat in my fingers, feel the exultation that swept me in those few wild moments, see his huge eyeballs popping out of his head in a stare of utter astonishment, his thick camel lips and huge nostril cavities. . . .

And then I felt the sudden stinging lash of a whip across the back of my neck. It came again and again, swiftly and with unerring aim, instinctively prompting me to hunch my shoulders in an effort to cover my neck; and still I held on to that foaming, struggling devil, digging my blunt nails deeper and deeper into his leathery flesh.

I've no doubt I should have finished him there and then if the Skipper had not started to boot me in the ribs with all the force he could muster. That was effective enough. I let go and stumbled to my feet.

"Barrington, *nom d'un chien!* Eengleesh b——! *Yella! Yella! Yella!*"

THE Skipper and I faced each other for one long weird minute. Something like half a smile slouched across his face.

"He got what was coming to him," I said, realizing that I was out of breath. "I'll murder the swab one of these days!"

The Skipper pointed to my mount with his whip, and intimated that he would deal with me later. The prisoners were slung up with us, the Partisans dismissed, and we proceeded on a funereal march back to barracks. In the saddle with me was a Spaniard, one of the ill-fated dozen, and on the way back he told me what had happened. The Partisans had ridden them down just as they were approaching the hills.

They had put up a good fight, had indeed given a good account of themselves, before they were finally taken prisoners.

Then had begun the diabolical game of torture. Two of the Legionnaires had been taken out of the group, their ankles tied and attached with ropes to the saddles of two of the Partisans, who had then proceeded to ride round and round a boulder-strewn patch of ground, the others being compelled to look on and listen to the screams. When released they were found to be dead.

Three others went *cafard* and were last seen racing toward the mountains. One by one the remainder were dealt with. The Spaniard whom I carried had lost an arm, or part of it, and a great deal of blood from the crudely bandaged stump. The sight of it, in my agitated state, made me want to vomit. I heartily wished then that I had stuck to that sergeant a little longer, long enough to finish him.

How Legionnaire 1384 paid the penalty for his assault on the fiendish Partisan will appear in next week's installment, in which also will begin his truly epic account of the Fifth Squadron's uncanny and then frightful experience in the outpost fort of Ammasine—a fort with a lost garrison and, as he and McCann were to discover and inform "the Skipper," with a death-dealing secret.

Correct to a hair

The business man knows full well the importance of being well-groomed. He knows, too, that nothing contributes more to a well-groomed appearance than a vigorous, cared-for head of hair. A few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic applied every morning at the time of combing keeps it looking so. See to the health of your scalp, too, for an abundant, vigorous head of hair depends upon it. Every week apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic generously, and give your scalp a thorough work-out. Massage it round and round —spend enough time on it to really stimulate the circulation, make the scalp feel alive and loose. Follow with your regular shampoo. After the hair is dry, apply a *very* little more Tonic to keep it in place, smooth and well-dressed.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

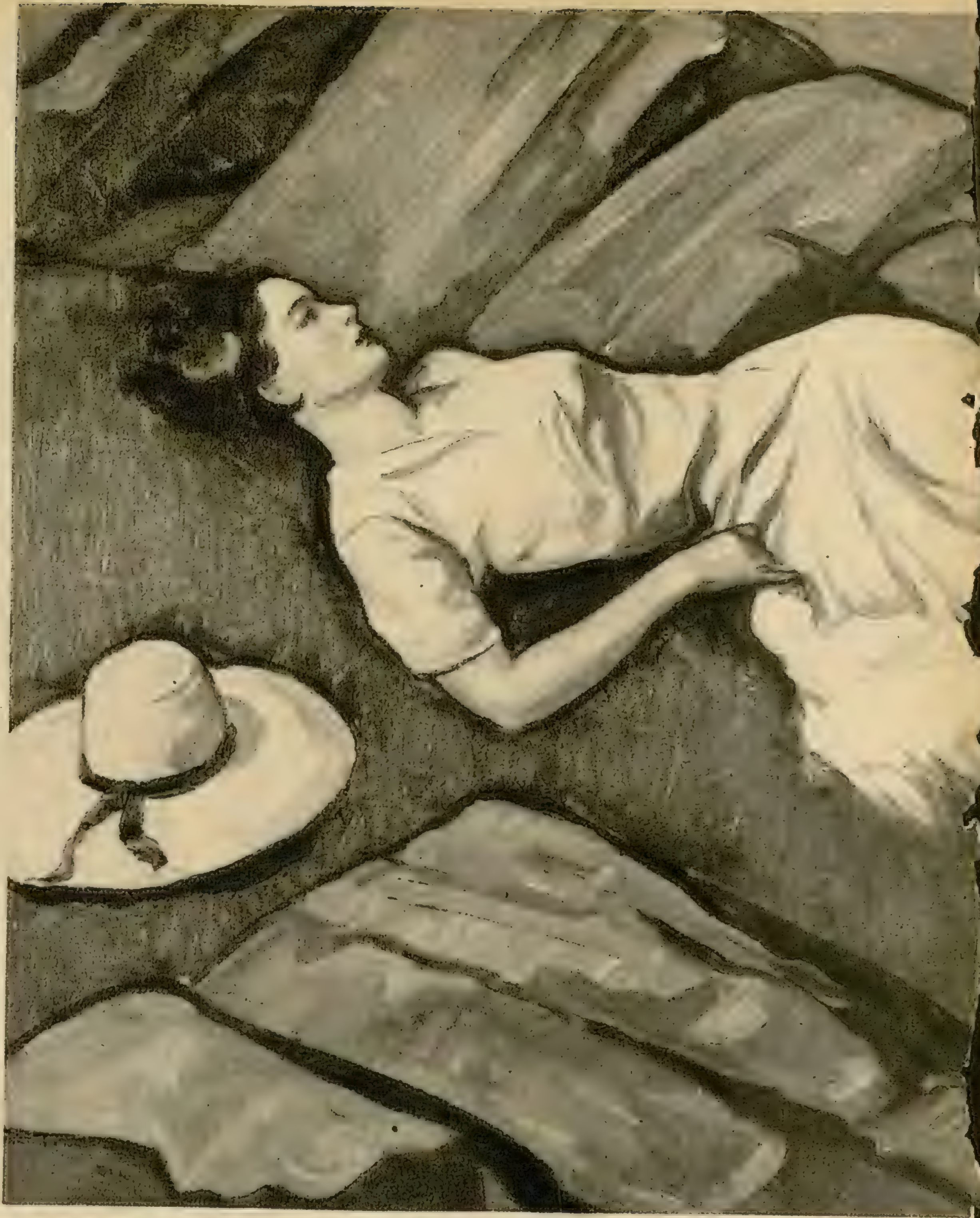
RADIO TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN'
EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT, NBC
BLUE NETWORK, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1932, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.



One Saturday Alcibiades persuaded her

ALCIBI

The Story of a Persevering Young Man Who Jingled His Way to Happiness

(Reading time: 20 minutes 31 seconds.)

WHEN Alcibiades Newman Delahunt came to Canada he secured, through the influence of an uncle of some means, several positions which did not last. Finally the uncle in desperation persuaded himself and Alcibiades and a certain Mr. Teasdale, manager of Morton's department store, that Alcibiades had a real talent for advertising. The uncle arrived at this conclusion by the process of elimination. He argued that every Oxford graduate ought to be able to do something, and Alcibiades had tried practically every other vocation.

Bannerman, familiarly known to his associates as Baldy, who managed the advertising department at Morton's, was not enthusiastic about having Alcibiades added to his pay roll. He lacked the uncle's conviction that Alcibiades had a calling for advertising.

"Imagine," he said to his assistant, Cockran, "anybody who has dragged a name like Alcibiades around with him for twenty-six years offering to write copy. It ain't reasonable."

Nevertheless Alcibiades came.

During the next week, between the agonies of writing copy which never saw the light of print, Alcibiades loped about the office with the peculiar long-distance stride of the Englishman and tried to make friends with his environment, but his environment wouldn't. In the booth immediately behind him it was personified by the brilliant and catty one, in the booth in front of him by pretty young Ethel Fordnay, and on the end of the string "poor Miss Meek." Around the corner was Franklin, and Judkins the illustrator, and in the general office Dempsey the proof reader and several office boys. To all of these Alcibiades was a new species and a source of endless entertainment.

He felt this elusive antagonism, and tried, fatally, to do something about it.

"What we need in this office," he said earnestly to the catty one, "is *esprit de corps.*"

The catty one coughed. "I believe that's so," she agreed. "I wouldn't be surprised if that was exactly what we needed. I'd speak to Baldy if I were you and see if he can't get us some. There must be lots of it about."

She said it laughingly, but Alcibiades knew that she was making fun of him and retreated with a flush mantling his fresh pink-and-white complexion. From that day his nickname in the office was Esprit de Corps.

Moreover, Alcibiades was so unlucky as to incur the deep displeasure of Willie, the office boy.

"Little boy," he called to him suddenly one day.

Willie looked up quickly but gave no other sign of hearing.

"Little boy," Alcibiades repeated, with an unmistakable motion of his head in Willie's direction, "come hither."

Everybody chuckled. Willie's cheeks blazed, and he burst out with, "How do you get that way? Come hither yourself, you—you—"

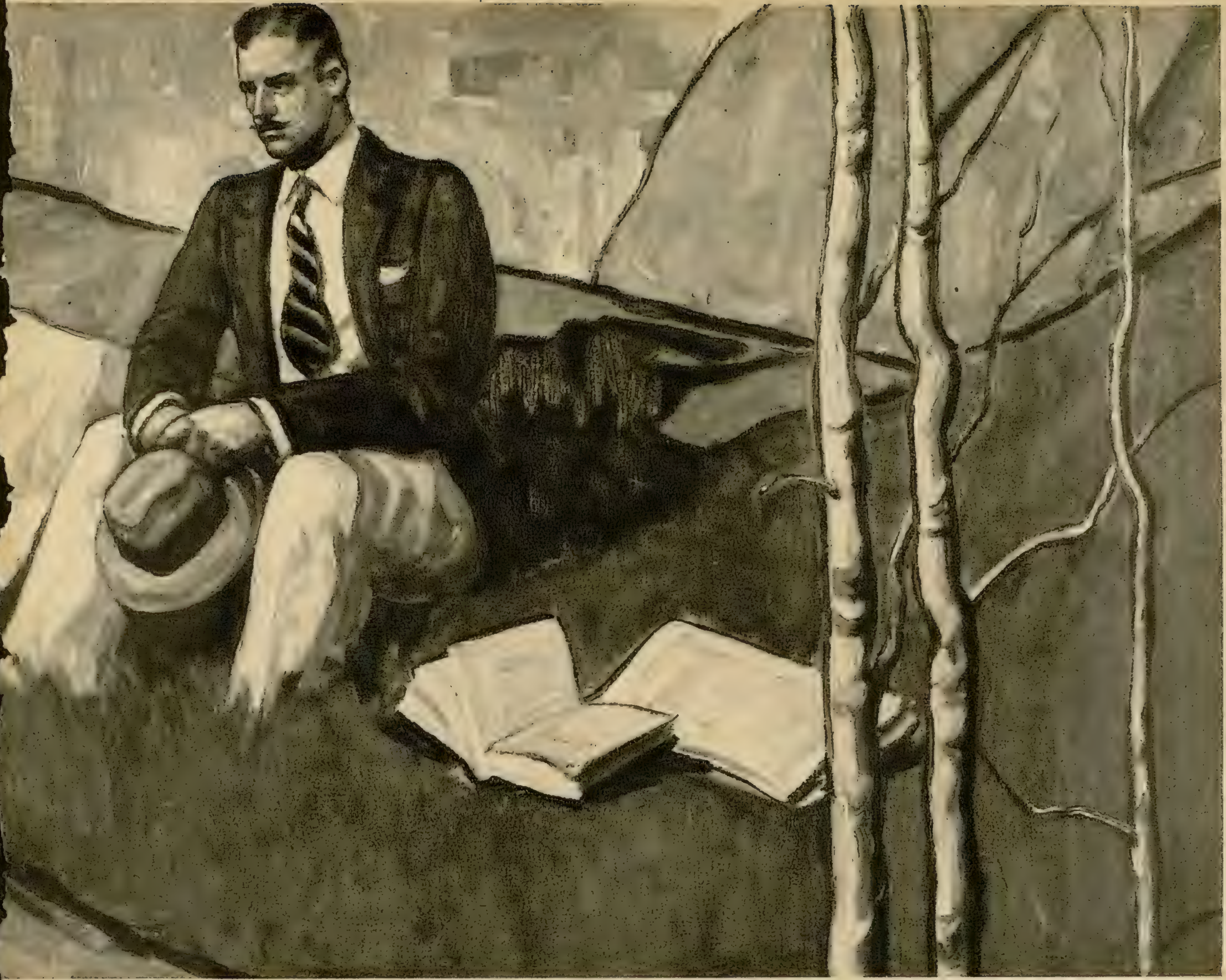
The catty one put her head out of her door. "Little boy," she said, "run down to 121 department and bring up those sample dresses."

"Aw, g'on," Willie snorted, and went out quickly, slamming the door behind him.

Alcibiades stared after him. "The little boy seems annoyed," he remarked to Dempsey.

"I'd gather as much," Dempsey agreed.

"I'll poison him," Willie threatened to Tom, his serious young assistant. "What was Baldy thinking of to



nd the whole day out of doors with him.

Pictures by MORTIMER WILSON, JR.

ADES' *One Ambition*

By GINTY BEYNON

hire an idiot like that? It will be peaches and cream for Puss."

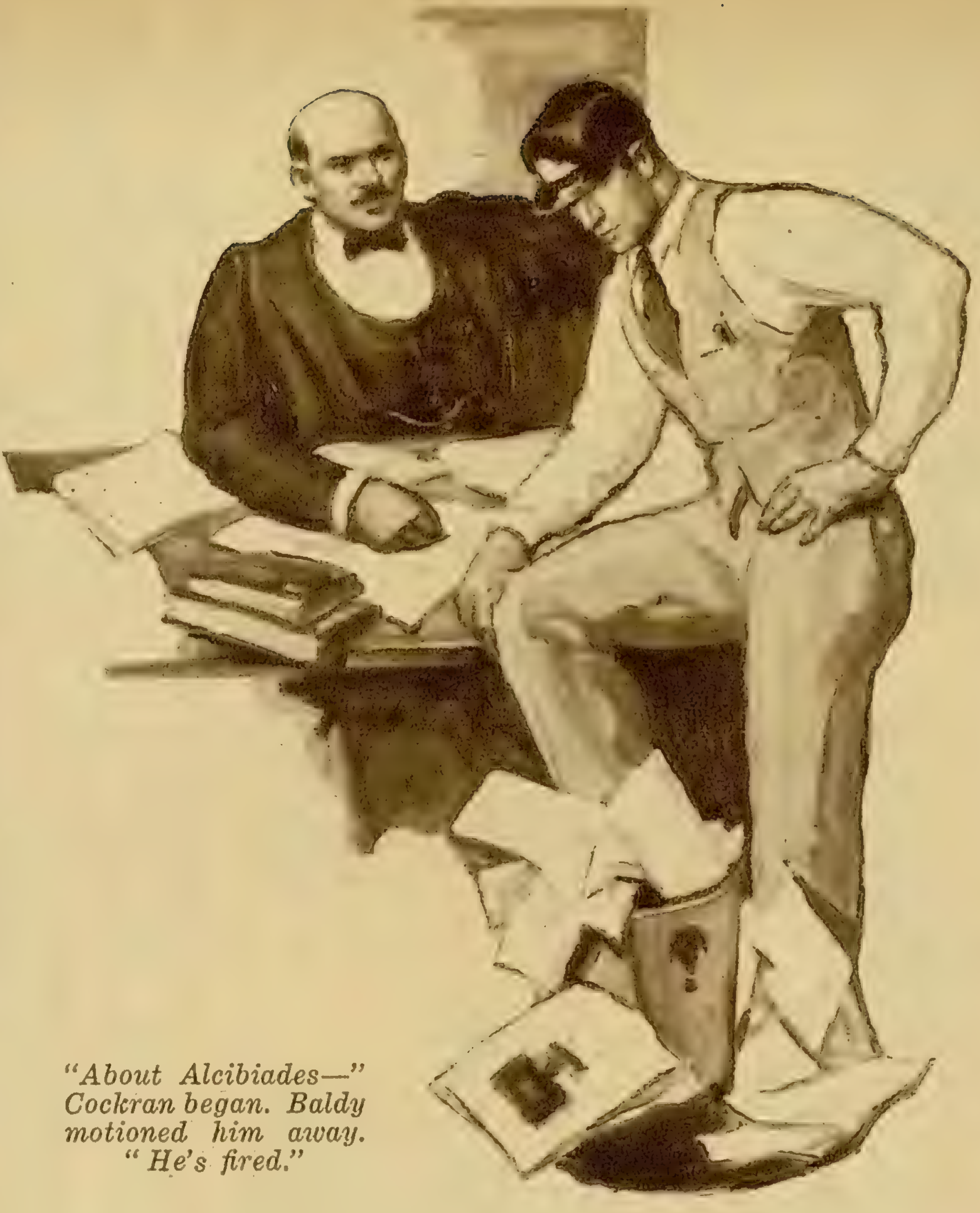
Willie's worst fears were realized. He had been cheeky to everybody in the office from time to time, and they could not resist the impulse to tease him.

In revenge Willie undertook to make Alcibiades' life more miserable than it normally would have been. He took the greatest delight in picking Alcibiades' unpublished copy out of Cockran's wastebasket and reading aloud his grandiloquent sentences. Alcibiades, overhearing him, would bury his face in his work in bitter mortification.

One day Miss Fordnay looked up to see him standing in her door, a big, fair, crumpled-looking person, who for all his shyness and diffidence had something strong and rugged in his appearance.

"Young lady," he said bluntly, "will you tell me what's the matter with this stuff of mine?"

Ethel Fordnay, that pretty, slim, capable young person, really had a heart like wax, and immediately felt ashamed



"About Alcibiades—" Cockran began. Baldy motioned him away. "He's fired."

of their baiting of the stranger.

She scanned the neatly written pages in which banalities alternated with wildest extravagance.

"Do you honestly want to know what I really think?" she asked, suddenly determined to treat him as a man and a friend.

Alcibiades' jaw shaped itself into surprising squareness as he answered briefly, "I do."

"Then I don't think the Almighty ever intended you to be a copy writer."

"Then I'll show you that I *can* write advertisements," Alcibiades declared. "I'll write better advertisements than you ever wrote."

Miss Fordnay raised a protesting hand. "Man dear, calm yourself. The world is yours for the taking. Help yourself."

"I will," said Alcibiades briefly, and left her.

As a matter of fact, he cared nothing for copy writing, but he did care about proving to this young woman that he could do anything she could do and more also.

So he plunged in his inexperience into greater extravagance of expression than ever.

Cockran groaned as he read his effusions. "He gets worse every day," he said to himself.

Meantime the catty one, or Puss, to use the office nickname for her, was enjoying herself. "You were speaking of *esprit de corps*, Mr. Delahunt," she said very politely one day. "How do you think one can best exhibit that spirit in an advertising office? Do you think one should be loyal to the department at the expense of the institution, or to the institution at the expense of the department?"

It was almost the first civil word she had voluntarily addressed to him and he was pleased to discuss the matter with her at some length. He had no suspicion that she was making fun of him, for it would have been impossible for him to be so discourteous.

She went chuckling to Ethel Fordnay afterward. "It's almost too easy to fool him."

"Why do it, then?" Miss Fordnay asked indifferently.

"You're terrible when you get righteous, Ethel," the catty one sighed. "If you did it often you'd lose all your friends."

"GUESS we'll have to fire him," Bannerman told Cockran, scratching his bald spot thoughtfully. "Minute stock taking's over, Teas will be up here wanting to know if we think he's made of money and all the rest of the guff he pulls this time of year. Won't matter a bit that he wished Delahunt on us himself."

Amazingly enough, it was Willie who interceded for him when it became whispered about the office that Alcibiades' head, commercially speaking, was about to fall.

"Couldn't you give him another chance?" Willie begged. "Three weeks ain't very long to learn ad writing, is it?"

Bannerman shook his head. "No use, Willie. He doesn't show the least glimmering of the advertising idea."

Willie's change of heart had been brought about by a kindness Alcibiades had shown him very unexpectedly. The latter had overheard Willie telling Tom that he terribly wanted two more dollars so that he could go to the Brandon fair, and a little later suggested to Willie that his uncle's car needed washing and asked if Willie or one of his friends would care to do it. Willie thought it very decent of Alcibiades in the circumstances, and immediately declared a truce.

HIS intercession, however, was unavailing. Bannerman went ahead and notified Alcibiades that after Saturday his services would not be required.

That was on Monday.

On Tuesday, Dempsey the proof reader had a quarrel with the timekeeper and quit.

Poor Cockran, who was everybody's slave, worked harder than ever. Alcibiades noticed him staying most of his lunch hour and offered to help him.

Cockran threw him a sheet with the proof reader's marks and a couple of galleys and told him to go to it while he went out to get a sandwich. When he came back an hour later Alcibiades had marked just four ads, but those were letter-perfect, every mark clear enough to represent a printer's dream of heaven.

"If you don't need this sheet I'll take it home and learn the marks so that I can help you out for a few days," Alcibiades offered.

"Good idea," Cockran agreed, and thought to himself, "He's being a mighty good sport."

On Friday Cockran went into Baldy's office.

"About Alcibiades—" Cockran began.

Baldy motioned him away with a fat hand of protest. "He's fired, so I don't want to hear any more about his scrapes."

"Still and all," Cockran began again, "he's been helping with the proof reading this week, and the darned fool couldn't let a mistake get by him if he tried."

Baldy stopped with his shears halfway through a galley. "Huh, you don't say so! Don't that beat all! Go out and tie him down to his chair and don't let him escape. Give him anything he asks."

Bannerman was a self-made man and a poor speller, and an accurate proof reader was necessary to his peace of mind and hard to find.

Miss Fordnay, not having heard of his reprieve, gave a start of surprise when she encountered Alcibiades in the office Monday morning.

He blushed and stammered, "I—I didn't—I mean to say—that is, I'm staying on to do proof reading."

Ethel Fordnay looked relieved. "I'm glad of that," she said heartily.

"But I still mean to make good as a copy writer," he declared almost fiercely.

After he had struggled along for a few more weeks he went bravely in to the catty one with a bunch of copy and asked her opinion of it. He had caught her in one of her mellower moods, and she read the stuff conscientiously. Then she shook her head. "It's not as wild as your first stuff," she said honestly, "but it's heavy and uninteresting."

He felt terribly let down, because he had thought this stuff much better.

In the meantime he was adding joy and peace to Bannerman's life as a proof reader, and got an unsolicited raise, which he celebrated by taking Ethel Fordnay out to dinner.

"I'll call for you at seven, shall I?" he said at closing time.

Ethel Fordnay had expected they would just trot out as they were from business, but his attitude immediately made it rather an event, and she went home, had a bath and got into a delicate and gayly printed chiffon dinner dress, and immediately felt like a party.

TO her surprise, they went to the Fort Garry, and Alcibiades, almost without speaking to the waiter, got perfectly marvelous service. He so obviously belonged in an easy and gracious social world that for a moment she was the one who felt diffident.

She turned and smiled at him. "What are you doing in Canada, Mr. Delahunt?"

"Proof reading and learning to write copy," he declared firmly.

Ethel Fordnay winced. She wished he'd drop the copy part of it. "I meant why did you come to Canada at all? Isn't it a very different and rather uncongenial world for you?"

"Frankly, yes," he answered, smiling, and when he smiled his face crinkled up. "My mother wanted me to stay at home and help my oldest brother to manage the estate, but I felt like an unnecessary limb on the family tree and decided to strike out for myself. I've loathed practically every day I've spent in Canada, but I mean to stick it just the same; and besides, I've made up my mind to write copy."

"You mean to stay here until you learn to write it?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, we'll have time for our friendship to grow and grow."

They both laughed.

"I hope it does," Alcibiades said quietly. "That would make Canada bearable, although I must admit that Bannerman's gone a long way toward doing that. He's a very sporting person."

After that they went out together so often that it soon became the talk of the office that Ethel was Alcibiades' lady friend.

"I don't have married women on my staff," Baldy warned her. "Morton's will have no other gods before it. So think it over well. You'd miss our happy family."

"He hasn't asked me to marry him, Baldy, and I don't know what's the matter. He shows all the regular symptoms, but they don't develop normally. I wonder if it's because he's English."

"Skittish, maybe," Baldy suggested helpfully. "The Englishman is much pursued by the female of the species. Try a little absent treatment on him. You might even cast your eye in my direction."

Ethel gave him a little push. "Go away. I cast my eyes in your direction until I'm incurably cross-eyed, and nothing happened."

One Saturday Alcibiades persuaded her to get up early and take advantage of the summer Saturday closing and spend the whole day out of doors with him.

Lying stretched under a tree in the afternoon he suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her. She returned the kiss with enthusiasm. "I'm quite potty about you," she declared.

"I've been potty about you for weeks and weeks."

"Well, that's fine. Now where do we go from here?"

"What do you mean, where do we go?"

"Well, don't we get married or something?"

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Pays $5 for perfume
Spends nothing on her gums
and she has . . .
"pink tooth brush"!

TRUE! Men, like bees, are drawn to the flower that is fragrant! But of what use perfume, if men find that all your attractiveness flies when you *smile?*

Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal brilliant, white teeth! And white teeth depend on firm gums!

The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to keep the gums hard. Your gums are soft and flabby. Tender, too. You either have "pink tooth brush"—or you're *likely* to have it.

Do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth—but it may endanger the *soundness* of the teeth. And it can lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

Get some Ipana Tooth Paste, and rub a bit of it into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Ipana, first of all, keeps teeth beautifully white and clean. And Ipana with regular massage keeps *gums* hard and healthy. Today—start with Ipana, and forget "pink tooth brush."

Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-1222, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.

IPANA

"Certainly, as soon as I master this writing business."

"Please, honey, I want to get married in time to have some babies."

He pinched her. "You're a selfish hound. You'd let your old babies get between me and a career."

Alcibiades plunged harder than ever into writing copy. When he had a new batch done he took it to Cockran and asked his opinion.

Cockran looked it over and shook his head.

A week or two later, Baldy, coming early to the office one morning, surprised Willie rummaging in the wastebasket and giggling to himself.

"After a mouse, Willie?"

Willie motioned Baldy over with a crooked finger and spread before him a number of crumpled pieces of paper he had rescued from the wastebasket.

Alcibiades, tiring of the fight with copy, had given himself a vacation and begun to do what he used to do back in Oxford when anything annoyed him: he had been writing jingles about the merchandise that wouldn't let him tell its story, and the jingles were very funny. Baldy chuckled over them.

For several days Willie salvaged the verses, read them, and brought them to Bannerman.

Then one morning Bannerman arrived unusually early. Willie had just dug them out of the wastebasket when Bannerman came to collect them.

"Hold on, boss; I haven't read them yet!" Willie protested.

Bannerman swept them all together and marched into his office with them.

"You ought to know by this time, William, that if the office boy wants to read the same thing as the boss he's got to get up a lot earlier."

Willie looked injured. "And at that," Baldy said, looking back at him, "it's a cinch to be the office boy."

Willie made a face at him.

Baldy went into the office and shut the door firmly. "I've got the cheekiest and most undisciplined office staff in the whole institution," he declared to Cockran, who was roughing out a couple of dummies.

Presently Cockran heard Baldy chuckling to himself.

"Come here, Cockran." Cockran came and leaned over his shoulder.

They laughed together over the verses, and Baldy explained their origin.

"I think I'll run a little column of them on one side of the page," Baldy suggested.

Cockran looked dubious. "I'm afraid the department heads wouldn't like it. You know how they hate to pay for anything out of the usual run of advertising."

Baldy debated this a moment. "Oh, heck, who's running this advertising office anyway?"

"Still and all—" Cockran began.

"Oh, Cockran, don't be a kill-joy. This is gosh-darned funny stuff, and I'm going to give our bored readers a whirl at it. Imagine that kid Willie ferreting it out. He's going to be a big advertising man some day."

THE next morning a half column of Alcibiades' verses appeared down the side of the Morton advertisement. Three departments were concerned with the merchandise described in this light, airy, and slightly ironic way, and the heads of all three were waiting on Baldy's doorstep when he arrived at his office.

"What's the big idea of hiring somebody to poke fun at my perambulators?" one demanded angrily. "We've plenty of smart-Aleck customers who will do it for nothing." The other two were equally outraged, and threatened to notify Teas, as soon as he got back from the East, that they'd be several unprintable things if they'd pay for the space.

This annoyed Baldy, who reminded them that he was running the advertising department and had a right to introduce a new feature and expect their support until it had had a chance to prove itself.

It ran for three days, with loud outcries from every department it lit upon.

The afternoon of the third day a telegram arrived from Teasdale, familiarly known but never addressed as "Teas," which said:

"Stop rhymes in paper. Make store ridiculous. Fire writer."

There was wailing in the advertising office. The staff had been terribly proud of the new feature, and had been patting Alcibiades on the back both literally and figuratively. Even Puss came across handsomely with the admission that the ugly duckling had become a swan.

Baldy shook his head remorsefully over the telegram. Cockran's face took on its rare expression of stubbornness. "Still and all, I wouldn't fire him. He's too good a proof reader. Tell Teas the stuff was done by a new Star reporter we've been trying out," he concluded, becoming surprisingly inventive.

"Nope, I'm not going to fire him," Baldy said firmly.

That night Alcibiades took Ethel Fordnay out to dinner and sat almost completely silent through the meal. "I guess you're right," he said over the coffee. "I'm a real hoodoo at this writing game."

She looked up in surprise. She thought he had been high-hatting her because of his success. "Why, you poor thing! That was slick stuff, Morton's or no Morton's."

Alcibiades' face lighted. "You're not just being kind, are you?"

"Have I ever been kind about your writing?"

"Not particularly."

"Well, I'm not now, either. That was darned clever."

"But it didn't get over."

"Oh, well, who cares?"

"I do. I've got to make good at writing."

Ethel groaned. "If you ask me, it looks as if you were hanging on to that as an alibi for not marrying me."

"Oh my God!"

"Isn't it enough to have proven to me that you can write?"

"No, it isn't. I've got to put it over."

"Well, then, old dear, we may as well settle down for another long stretch."

That was on Thursday.

FRIDAY morning Teasdale arrived home from the East, straightened out a few minor matters at the store, and went out to an important business men's luncheon.

Next him at table was the managing editor of the city's most successful daily.

The editor patted Teasdale on the back. "I see you've got a new columnist," he said, grinning.

Teasdale grinned a feeble grin in return. He wasn't going to admit how sick he was about the fiasco.

The editor continued, "Do you know, Teasdale, I sometimes wonder if it's luck or genius that enables you to root out so much talent in this arid desert of a town."

Teasdale gave him a good sharp look to be sure his leg wasn't being pulled before he modestly admitted that it might be a little of both.

"A fellow like that would probably get ten thousand a year in New York, but don't you dare tell him I said so, because as soon as old Whosis gets up from Montreal I'm going to make him give me the money to steal him from you."

"We'll see about that," Teasdale said mildly, and mentally raised Baldy's salary. That fellow, it seemed, had a flair.

He went back to the store about three, in a very mellow frame of mind, and sauntered up to the advertising office.

Baldy had been expecting him all day.

To his surprise, Teasdale did not mention the matter of the jingles until just as he was leaving the office.

"I suppose you fired that writer I wired you about?"

"Naturally."

"Who was he?"

"Oh, a reporter from the Star we were trying out."

"Went back to the paper, did he?"

Baldy, determined to have the whole matter wiped up at once, shook his head firmly in the negative. "Nope; he left town the same day." He mustn't have Teas nosing about and finding him parked in the outside office.

Teasdale balanced himself thoughtfully on his toes. "Well, well," he remarked to the ceiling at which he was absent-mindedly staring. "Well, well."

He came to ground again and cleared his throat.

"You're about due for another raise, aren't you, Bannerman?"

Bannerman grinned. "I've had a suspicion that it was overdue."

Teasdale smiled. "I think you'll be satisfied with what you find in your pay envelope next week." And with that he left the office.

Bannerman buzzed excitedly for Cockran. "Here, Cockran, take over this shebang and run it while I go out and celebrate. A miracle's happened. I've had a raise without asking for it."

That evening when Alcibiades was having dinner with her in her little flat Ethel Fordnay raised the issue of getting married on the *status quo*, as it were. "I'm not proud," she declared. "I'd just as soon have a proof reader for a husband as the manager of the store if I was potty about him."

Alcibiades was adamant. "No, young lady. I'm not going to marry you until I've put this thing over. You're perfectly indecent, the way you keep trying to drag me to the altar."

"I wouldn't if you didn't want to go just as badly as I do, but you know you're crazy to marry me, aren't you?"

He took her in his arms and gave her a bear hug. "Rather!"

He rubbed his shaven chin up and down her cheek. "But if I give it up I'll feel frightfully licked, don't you know."

She slipped her arms about his neck. "Well, of course, in that case—"

About a month later Alcibiades was attending a dinner at his uncle's. One of the guests happened to be the managing editor of the city's most successful daily.

When he heard that Alcibiades worked in the advertising department at Morton's he was very much excited.

"This is sheer luck," he declared. "I've been trying for a month to find out who the young Star reporter was who wrote those jingles Morton's ran for a little while."

"Star reporter!" Alcibiades repeated. "I wrote them myself."

The next morning Alcibiades burst in upon Ethel Fordnay like a cyclone.

"I've got a perfectly marvelous job, and we can go right out and get married! I'm the new columnist for the Express at seventy-five dollars a week, and nothing to do but write jingles for a living. Fancy that! The man's crazy."

"Who cares?" Ethel Fordnay declared. "If he hadn't gone crazy I would have. Isn't it grand?"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the difference between feaze, and faze or feeze?

2—What is the Swaraj party in India?

3—What is a basilisk?

4—Who was the first president of the Irish Free State?

5—What is a drupe?

6—What is the source of aniline dyes?

7—What is a dactylogram?

8—Who was Charles Farrar Browne?

9—What did the name Richard originally mean?

10—What countries fought the Punic Wars?

11—What is a hypochondriac?

12—Who said "Actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends?"

13—Who captured John Brown, the abolitionist?

14—Where is the Dismal Swamp?

15—What locality is believed to have been the original home of rhubarb?

16—What is bort?

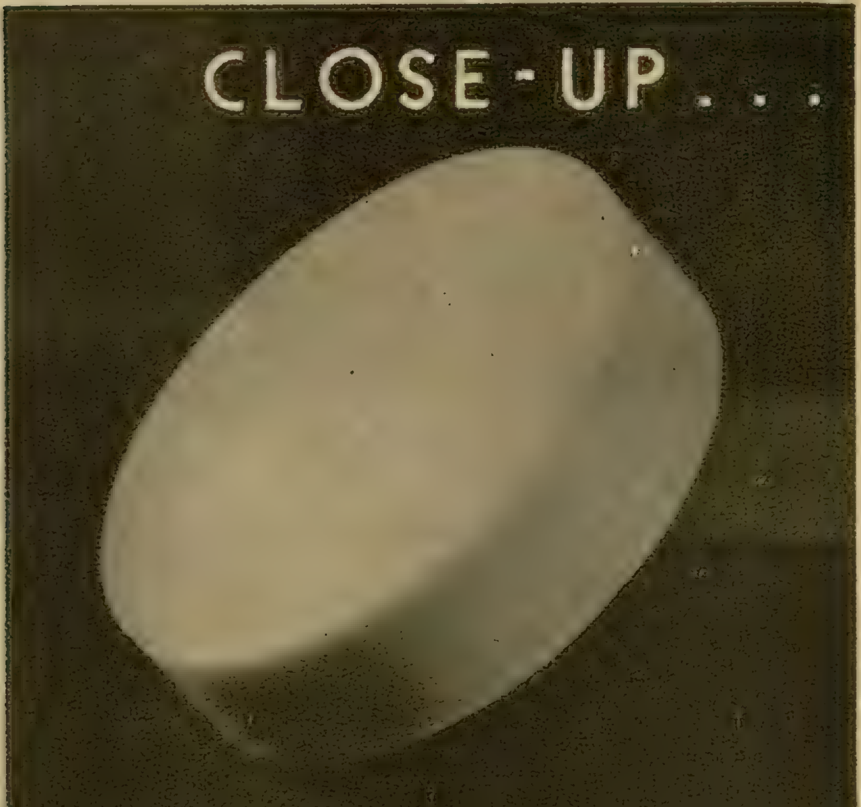
17—How long is a surveyor's chain?

18—What is the origin of the word lavaliere?

19—What Frenchman was instrumental in planning Washington, D. C.?

20—What was one of the first questions settled by the League of Nations?

(Answers will be found on page 43)



How many kinds of aspirin are there?
(see page 43 for the answer)

CLOSE-UP . . . OF AN ASPIRIN TABLET

THIS is an actual photograph, many times enlarged, of a Squibb Aspirin tablet. You are invited to study it.

Note its smooth texture—resulting from careful laboratory refinement. Note too its firm outlines—evidence that it is well-compressed; for this tablet was carried in its box many days before the photograph was made. This means that it does not crumble and so lose its scientific dosage. Marked 5 grains, it contains 5 grains. Squibb Aspirin is easy to swallow, will not break up on the tongue and leave a bitter after-taste. Yet it will disintegrate completely *after* swallowing or when dropped in water.

This Aspirin tablet was made by E. R. Squibb and Sons. Though nominally a simple home remedy, its manufacture is subject to the same exacting laboratory control as the House of Squibb gives to its serums, its antitoxins and other medicinal products—products accepted and used by physicians the world over. Hence this Aspirin tablet can be *trusted*—its Purity, Effectiveness and Safety *assured.*

All true-service drug stores carry Squibb Aspirin. Buy the 12-tablet box for convenience—the 100-tablet bottle for home economy. Say "Squibb Aspirin, please!" ***Look for the name before you buy.***

E·R·SQUIBB & SONS *Manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858*

SQUIBB ASPIRIN
- Pure
- Effective
- Safe

Kay Francis and Ronald Colman in a scene from Cynara, the film based on the successful English play.

Heartaches

Ronald Colman's New Vehicle; A Viennese Romance; Marie Dressler's Latest Picture, and Joe Brown in Something Different

The comedy You Said a Mouthful is one of Joe E. Brown's best. The lady with him in the photo at right is Ginger Rogers.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 40 seconds.)

HERBERT MARSHALL, the English actor, who recently returned to London for a visit, has been much in evidence in Hollywood films. You remember him as the husband in Blonde Venus, as the suave crook in Trouble in Paradise, and you will see him less successfully as a lady-killer in Evenings for Sale.

Oddly enough, Mr. Marshall's wife, Edna Best, was first signed for films. After a brief stay in Hollywood without getting a chance, she tore up her contract and returned to London—and her husband. Then Hollywood, startled at the charm of a husband who could so influence a wife, signed up Mr. Marshall immediately.

Marshall is forty-two, was born in London, started life as an articled clerk in an accounting house, became an actor before the World War, served in Flanders, was wounded, and after the Armistice returned to acting.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ CYNARA

Could a wise and understanding wife forgive her husband's indiscretion? This interesting photoplay, based on the successful English drama, offers the theory that a wife could—and would. Here in brief is the plot: An upright British barrister during his wife's absence falls in with a shopgirl, slips into an affair with her—and the episode ends in the girl's suicide. Scandal follows and the wife is confronted with her problem. How shall she judge the interlude?

Ronald Colman plays the barrister whose single lapse has such tragic consequences. He is sincere and sympathetic in the difficult rôle. Kay Francis gives one of her best screen performances—warm and understanding—as the wife. A newcomer, Phyllis Barry, portrays the shopgirl. She left me cold. Henry Stephenson makes the most of his rôle of an old rake who leads the Hon. Jim Warlock into his indiscretion. King Vidor's direction, as usual, is excellent.

★ ★ ½ EVENINGS FOR SALE

This romantic yarn starts with an engaging idea. A widow from the Middle West—wealthy, provincial, kindly—sets out to taste the joys of living and to see Vienna, thus to satisfy a lifelong dream. In Vienna she meets the Count Franz von Dagenthal, late captain of Franz Josef's hussars, last of the Dagenthals, now down in his luck and dancing for hire at a café managed by a former servant. In brief, he is a gigolo.

He is in love with the pretty daughter of a Viennese merchant. Jennie Kent takes the count in hand, buys his bankrupt castle, sets his life in order, and, although she has fallen in love with him, turns him back to his sweetheart. In the end she realizes

A high spot in the comedy Prosperity, showing Polly Moran (with her nose remodeled) and Marie Dressler.

and Hilarity

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, and Herbert Marshall in Evenings for Sale, a picture with a Viennese background.

she will be happiest back home in Marysville, Ohio.

Mary Boland, who will do big things in films if she gets the opportunity, makes Jennie Kent exceedingly human and real. Herbert Marshall is not the type for the count, and Sari Maritza seems to me to be limited in her abilities as the Viennese sweetheart.

★ ★ ½ PROSPERITY

Prosperity has been just around the corner at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for some time. Marie Dressler's poor health held up the shooting of the picture; a whole lot of the comedy had to be recast and remade. The final result still is an inferior film, enlivened by Miss Dressler's mellow personality.

She plays the president of a village bank who turns over the business to her son. In no time he has the institution badly involved and old Maggie Warren has to come to the rescue. The climax reveals the harassed Maggie taking a laxative in the belief that it is poison.

It seems to me that Polly Moran, with her remodeled nose, curiously enough has lost some of her abilities as a Dressler foil.

★ ★ YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL

Imagine Joe Brown doing a Strange Interlude? Here the screen gives voice to his thoughts—and it develops that Joe thinks just as ungrammatically as he talks. Brown plays a simple out-of-a-job clerk who is mistaken for a famous long-distance swimmer by a wealthy and beautiful heiress. Joe cannot swim a stroke, but he finds himself entered in the Catalina-to-California swim.

Confusing a comic character with a world-famous athlete is an old comedy plot, but, plus the Strange Interlude treatment, it turns out to be one of Brown's best pictures. Ginger Rogers lends personable aid as the aquatic-minded heiress.

Do you know that—

Madam Butterfly, with Sylvia Sidney in the title rôle, is in the making at the Paramount studios?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

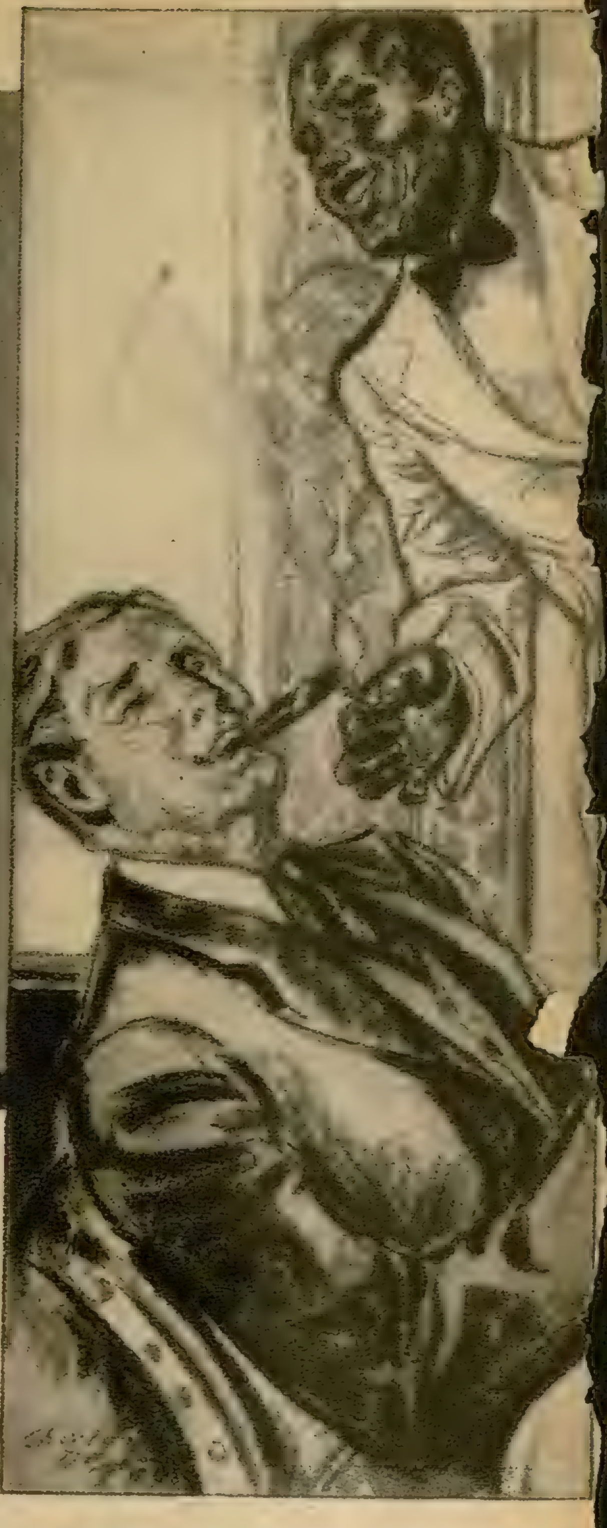
★★★★—Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me.

Congress Cashes In

By
CHARLES
STEVENSON

A Look into the Expense Accounts of Our National Lawmakers Reveals How Some of the Taxpayers' Money Is Spent



The House and Senate restaurants are cafés de luxe. Waiters stand at attention, bow obsequiously, unfold napkins, light cigars.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 55 seconds.)

SEVERAL United States senators and their assistants decided to go fishing and, incidentally, do some serious mineral-water drinking.

Bestowing $10 tips with lavish generosity, lolling in chartered motor boats, they finally reached their chosen Minnesota lake. There they purchased $31 worth of—take it from the vouchers—mineral water, also fishing tackle and $22 licenses, rented a tent and four more boats, hired guides, and disappeared into the wilderness.

They enjoyed themselves. And why not? The cost of the entire trip, right down to matches and a can of minnows, they charged to the American taxpayer.

Senators possess three rooms each in the marble-floored, four-million-dollar Senate Office Building. Each suite has heroically sculptured fireplaces, leather divans, and down pillows. There is even a private lavatory.

In one such lavatory I observed two new hairbrushes, clothesbrushes, nail files and nailbrushes, and on the sink lay English soap which sells for as much as eighteen cents a cake wholesale.

"The taxpayers paid for the lot," a secretary told me. "All we need do is write a requisition and we can get more. We get whatever we want that way—and get it free."

With free fishing trips, imported toiletries, and a vast number of other perquisites, one easily can comprehend why it has cost more than $27,000,000 a year to maintain the legislative establishment.

The total is not expected to be greatly reduced even this year, because when Congress, amid much ballyhoo, passed an economy bill to curtail operations and discharge employees in the executive departments, it did not eliminate a single privilege of its own. The only consequential measures of economy it directed toward itself temporarily reduce its mileage allowances by one fourth and its normal salaries by eight or ten per cent. The fact that in the spring there was a deluge of news dispatches criticizing some of the extravagances did not faze the legislators. They went on profiting by prodigality far greater than that which they condemned in others.

Amid the splendor of a private barber shop wherein even the cloths are $1.50-a-yard linen instead of commoners' muslin, senators obtain free shampoos and facial treatments. All equipment, from the $218 carpet to $140-a-month expert barbers, is contributed by taxpayers.

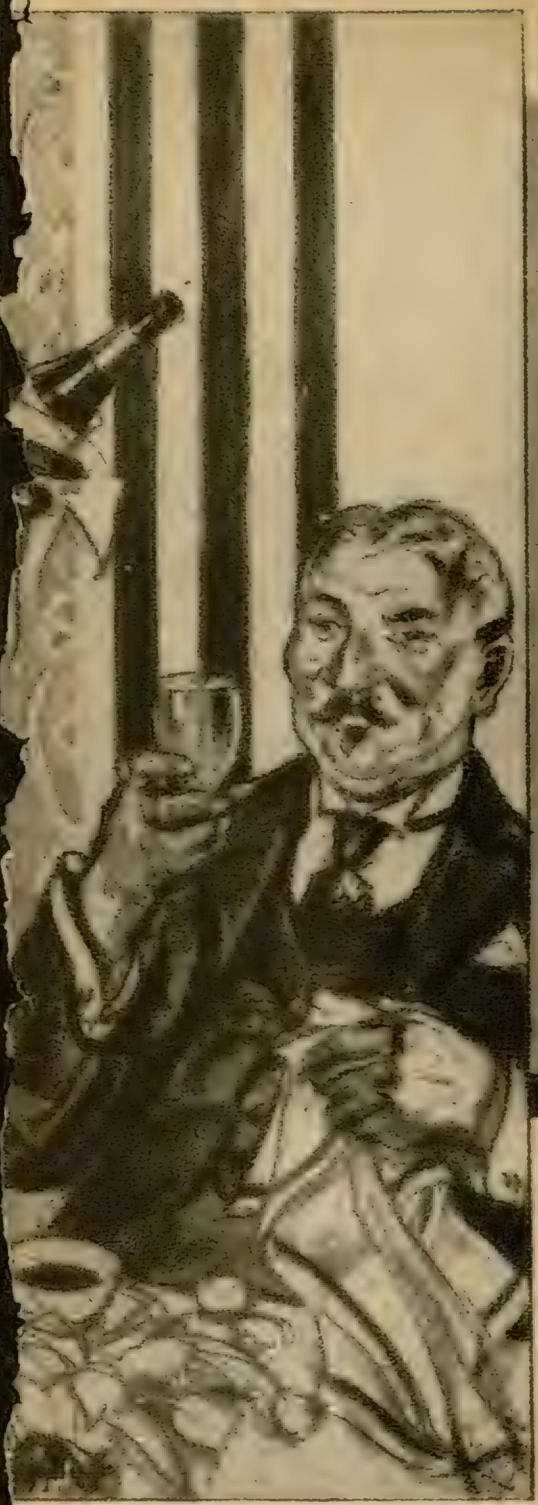
In one year the shop dirtied 47,580 towels in the shaving of ninety-six Solons, and drew on the Treasury for 204 cans of shoe polish, shaving brushes, bay rum in two-gallon quantities, glycerin by the half gallon, medicated ointments, hair slicker, hair tonic, vanishing cream, lilac water, dog-mange remedy, and even mouth wash.

In the annual reports which must account for every expenditure the Senate camouflages the barbers as "skilled laborers," while in the House a dozen masquerade as "cloakroom men."

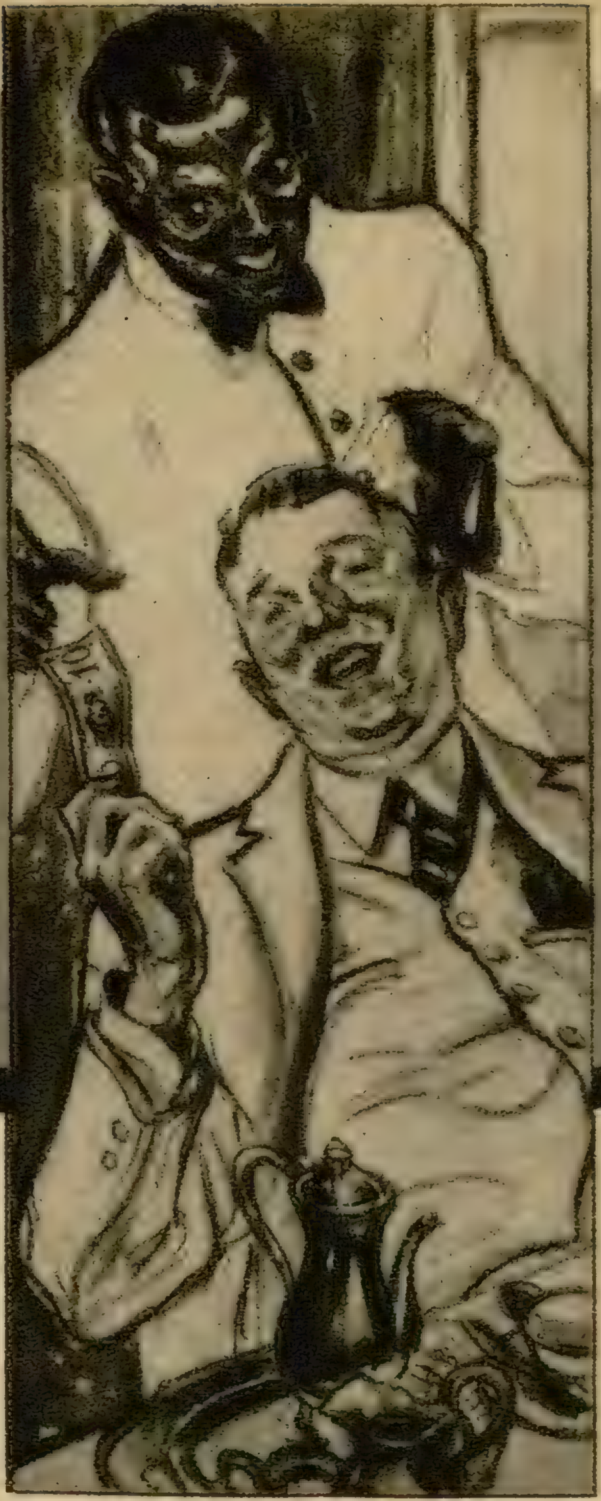
The same reticence veils the "baths" where, without cost, a senator may have his fat steamed off, sweated away in a cabinet, rubbed away by a masseur, or shaken off in a vibrating chair. In the marble labyrinth there are starched beds for slumber, marble tables upon which the senator lies while his back is scrubbed, a pool of tepid water wherein he paddles about. There are therapeutic lamps for removing kinks from his neck, and a gigantic sun lamp under which he may renew his Palm Beach tan.

Free soda-mint tablets, a bottled spring water noted for its medicinal effect, a noted pick-me-up for the morning after—all these are among the legislator's perquisites.

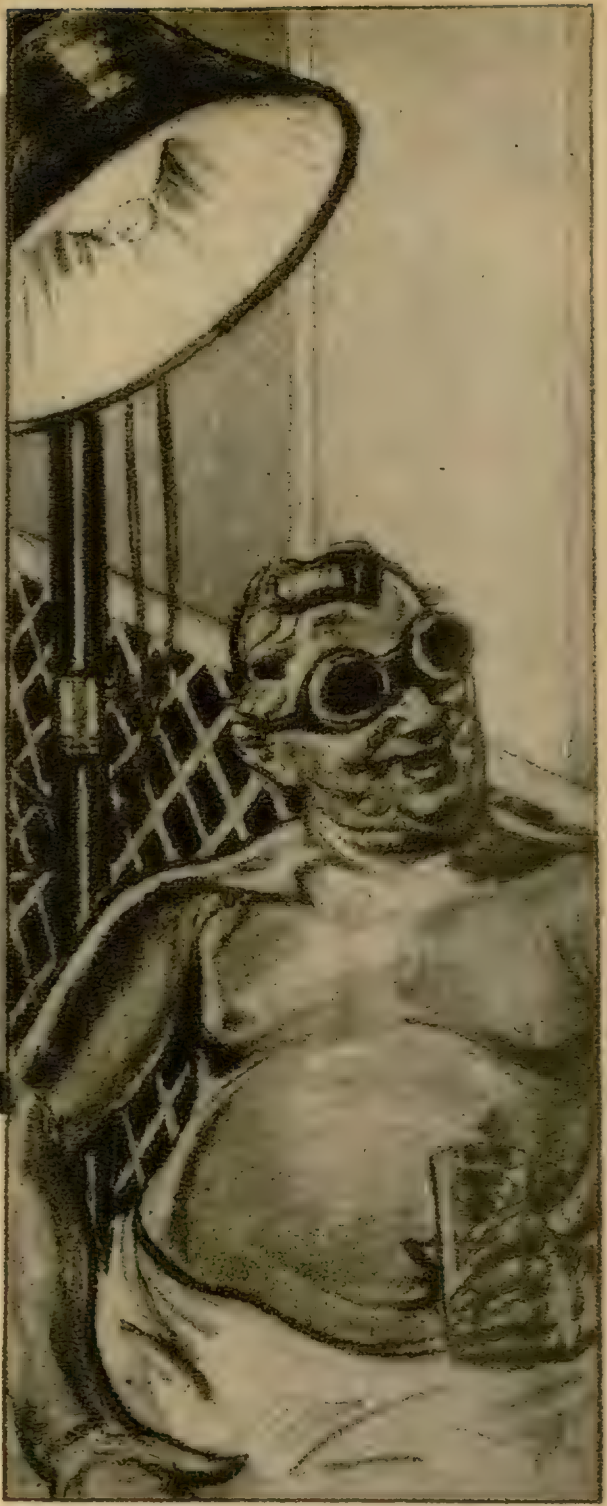
But the free official physician is even more popular. So busy is he kept that he must have a tax-supported



n a senator is thirsty he may call for ttle of his favorite mineral water. In ar senators consumed $8,500 worth.



Senators of a committee on a fishing trip bestowed fat tips with lavish generosity. One to a Pullman porter was ten dollars.



Within the marble labyrinth of the baths there is a gigantic sun lamp, under which a senator may renew his Palm Beach tan.

chauffeur. To express their gratitude his patients one spring dug into the citizens' pockets to send him to New York for a postgraduate course, contributing rail fare, hotel bills, and taxi tips.

Both senators and representatives are given large sums for clerk hire, which they often shunt into the family pocketbook by employing wives and children who toil not. They receive $125 annually for stationery. At the beginning and end of every session of Congress—even though the sessions be but four days apart—they normally are allowed twenty cents for every mile which lies between Washington and their homes—though the railroads charge only three and six tenths cents.

A movement to extend the mileage dole to members' help collapsed. The stationery allowances, however, have caused enmity and woe. In House and Senate stationery shops, which have been conducted at a $17,000 annual loss, members purchase at wholesale articles which the wildest imagination could not construe as stationery.

A decade ago Congressman Tom Blanton caused convulsive embarrassment when he exhibited carving sets, manicure kits, women's bags, dressing-table equipment, poker chips, and a leather-covered whisky flask from the House store. His exposé forced a few reforms, but these have not prevented representatives from buying through their shop for a dollar apiece the beds, dressing tables, and cedar chests removed from government hotels.

The Secretary of the Navy lunches in an unappetizing government cafeteria, where he must stand in line with the cheap help and push aside dirty dishes. Starchy naval aristocrats whose wives use Social Registers for doorstops are content with the cafeteria because they realize it must be conducted without cost to the government or profit to the management, yet dispense food at prices within reach of the lowliest clerk.

At the Capitol this economical viewpoint is lacking. When the lawmaker is hungry he hastens to a private dining room in the House or Senate restaurant. These are *cafés de luxe*—marble on the floors and lobster on the menus. Black-faced, white-coated waiters stand at attention, bowing obsequiously, unfolding napkins, lighting cigars. In the Senate restaurant there are mural motifs, Versailles-like chandeliers, specially manufactured linens and dishes embellished with Senate seals. Some of the tablecloths cost $11 each.

ALL this makes food expensive. Therefore the legislator pays only as much of the bill as he desires and forces the taxpayers to foot the remainder.

Ice, coal, charcoal, electricity, water, quarters, and much equipment are donated to the restaurants. Big crowds are fed at hotel prices. Yet the Senate café annually loses as much as $73,000, and the House café from $21,000 to $30,000.

The late Congressman Thomas U. Sisson once flabbergasted colleagues by attacking a luncheon appropriation. "The House restaurant," he said, "is losing money, and if you make members pay what they ought to this would not be true. You want to pay the loss out of the people's pockets. This is petty graft. If you do not think your

I HAVE seen an afternoon pass with only two or three senators in the chamber and one of these asleep.

salary is big enough to feed you, vote to increase it."

They did increase their salaries, but continued to condone restaurant losses.

Condone is too mild. On the House floor Congressman Charles L. Underhill, when café boss, gave such a tongue-lashing to Representative Frank Murphy for criticizing seventy-five-cent sandwiches that the statements were kept out of the Congressional Record. The only memorandum is in newspaper clippings.

I do not mean to imply, though, that no café superintendent has ever sought to reduce the deficits. Underhill cut them some. Clarence MacGregor of New York tried. He discharged his experienced manager and gave the job to the clerk of the Accounts Committee. This man, during his spare time, was expected without extra pay to serve meals which could not be bettered at the finest hotels, yet at the same time rehabilitate a business which had been losing $3,000 a month.

ALTHOUGH MacGregor's efforts were ineffective, it is true that vast savings will result if the restaurants ever are consolidated or cafeterias established. But lawmakers are not likely to sanction such programs. The Senate restaurant is much the costlier to taxpayers because its pay roll is the bigger.

Theoretically, Congressional investigations are conducted to make possible enactment of remedial laws—and occasionally they do throw needed light on something or other. Generally, though, all that results is front-page publicity for the inquisitors, embarrassment for them or their victims, and perhaps a report which is filed away and forgotten.

Fruitless probes in three years are estimated to have cost taxpayers $1,500,000. The real, heavy expenses occur when the Congressional investigators are seized with the wanderlust. Then the only limit is conscience.

Members of Senator Gerald P. Nye's Campaign Investigating Committee listed $44 for rail fare between Washington and New York, although railroads ask only $16.28 a round trip; purchased additional tickets so that each senator could have sole occupancy of a Pullman drawing-room; went to Glacier National Park so that the committee could meet in pleasant surroundings; hired "economic experts" at $40 a day; promoted $2,220-a-year young assistant committee clerks to $6,000 investigators' jobs. One member, Porter H. Dale, even had the taxpayers contribute his fare to Battle Creek so he could enter a sanatorium.

In nine months the committee spent $96,503, so Underhill in the House and Moses in the Senate blustered; they did not like the committee, anyway.

It was a $4,000 six-day Yuletide jaunt which Senators Nye, Tasker L. Oddie, Otis F. Glenn, Henry F. Ashurst, Peter Norbeck, and Thomas J. Walsh, and two official guests made to Florida to duplicate an inspection of potential park lands which had already been reported on by government experts.

They passed three days and four nights on house boats, dallying with the insidious spell of the tropics as they listened to the Negro orchestra which comprised the crews, and tarrying in paradisaical bayous to ascertain whether the melodies of the birds were melodious enough and the green of the trees green enough for a park. Well, the house boats at $1,687, the $911 hotel bill, and the blimp they hired for two days may have been necessary to their investigation.

HOWEVER, the Florida sojourners are pikers compared with the Senate Special Committee on Conservation of Wild-Life Resources which was organized in 1930 to formulate a national conservation policy. Comprising Senators Frederic C. Walcott, Harry B. Hawes, Key Pittman, Charles L. McNary, and Peter Norbeck, it began spending $27,000 a year on cigars, cigarettes, travel, "mineral water," tips, fishing trips, maintenance, and the like, and it still is spending money—yet at this writing no legislation stands to its credit. It should be mentioned that Norbeck and McNary have not given much attention to the group.

The last of July, 1930, found some of its members on the fishing trip referred to at the beginning of this article, hiring $113 worth of boats for cruises between Minnesota lake resorts. Besides the $31 worth of mineral water mentioned, seven more mineral waters cost $3.50, and "soda to take on boat" $2 additional. Three of the party, homeward bound, drank $3 worth in a B. & O. Pullman.

On one boat $14 gratuities were doled out to captain, crew, cook, and cook's helper; one tip to the Pullman porter was $10. The secretary of the committee and Pittman ate a $4.50 luncheon. From July 24 to August 3 the bill was approximately $2,000.

Shortly afterward, when Walcott, Hawes, the secretary and his assistant passed two days at a Toronto convention, $6 went for "cigars, cigarettes, mineral waters, etc., necessary for the committee's entertainment."

Following are some of the vouchers turned in by the secretary to account for the $529 journey:

Porter on train	$1
Porters in Toronto, Senator Hawes and self	1
Tips at lunch, Senator Hawes and party	1
Tips and service during day	3
Tips to waiters for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and for other service during day	12
Taxis and miscellaneous expenses during day	3
Tip for porters carrying luggage for entire party from hotel to train	4
Tips to waiters and *maître d'hôtel*	10
Tips to valet service at hotel for entire party	5
Royal York Hotel bill	265.67
Additional bill of Royal York Hotel for restaurant service the night the party left Toronto	13.55

Leaving one $136 hotel bill and various others for tips, entertainment, and the like in their trail, the secretary and assistant a few days later hurried by train, plane, and auto to the Jackson Hole area of Wyoming, where committee members were studying the elk herd. The committee at this writing has done nothing with the results of its study, but it has done a lot for the people in the Jackson Hole country, as the following sample vouchers of the secretary will testify:

September 27	
Tip to horse wranglers on trip to Mount Leidy	$5
September 28	
Tip to kitchen service for arranging picnic lunch	3
October 4	
Tip to Joe Allen	20
Tip to Bruce	15
Tip to Pip Crannell	15
Tip to Joe's two wranglers	10
Tip to Mrs. Braizer (housekeeper)	10
October 5	
Tips on leaving Moran (over period of seventeen days for party of seven):	
Jessie (waitress)	20
Second waitress	20
Jimmie (fire and general utility boy)	20
Cook	10
First chambermaid	10
Second chambermaid	10
Miscellaneous expenses connected with leaving	8
Lunch at Jackson (Pittman, Woodring, and self)	6
Teton Lodge bill	588

PITTMAN and the secretary then hastened to Salt Lake City, where between October 6 and October 9 they spent $133 for hotel, food, tips, and "miscellaneous expenses." On the 11th they were scattering $20 in tips to guide, gunman, head man, and stenographer at the Bear River Duck Club. Then on the 12th they were in San Francisco *en route* to San Diego and Los Angeles. An undated voucher shows a $289 hotel bill for Pittman in San Francisco. Other vouchers of the secretary for this phase of the travel I offer without comment. They need none:

October 17	
Dinner: Senator Pittman, Carl Shoemaker (assistant secretary), and self, tip	$12.50
Cars, etc., tips and miscellaneous	5
October 18	
Excess weight on plane baggage	9
Tips to porters at air field	2
Tip to driver	1
Pittman's valet	2
Maid service	5
Bell boys	3
October 19	
Tips to auto waiting for Senator Pittman	2
Tips to valet for Senator Pittman	3
Tips to service maid (two)	4
Tips to bell boys	4
Miscellaneous expenses paid for Senator Pittmann	10
Hotel bill	$281.15
Additional hotel bill for extra night	54.90
October 20	
Airplaine for Senator Pittman, San Diego to Los Angeles	180
Airplane tickets for Senator Pittman, Los Angeles to Columbus, Ohio	149
Taxi to air field, San Diego	7
Tips at air field, Los Angeles	2
Taxi, air field, Los Angeles, to hotel	7
Tip to valet for keeping Senator Pittman's clothes	2
Tips to porters	1.50
Tips at hotel	3
Taxi and porter at station	2
Dinner and tip	2.50
Senator Pittman's hotel bill, Los Angeles	170.46
Shoemaker and Legendre (secretary), hotel bill, Los Angeles	135.15

THERE were other trips, and there probably will be more.

Funerals as well as investigations reveal how generous Congress can be. With a benevolent gesture it buries its departed member at public expense, then bestows $10,000 on his heirs as a legacy.

Whenever a senator dies during a session it is customary to conduct Senate chamber services at which even the flowers are provided by the Treasury. Afterward the casket is put in a private Pullman and escorted home by as many members as can be spared.

In times past these journeys have been tours *de luxe*. "Corkscrew, fifty cents," was an official expense for one funeral. Again, men were paid $3 to sit up with the corpse. Still again, those in charge paid $30 for refreshments at a wake. But lavish funerals are not confined to history. The death of a Western senator cost the taxpayers slightly less than $20,000.

Representatives privately boast that the House now is limiting the cost of its funerals and allowing the Senate to maintain tradition. Thus they stress that while it is not unusual for the Senate to purchase a vault and casket for $950, the representative's widow who bought a $2,700 engraved bronze casket with the understanding that the House paid all bills was disillusioned when she was given only $400.

As deeply rooted as the funeral custom is the well known one of burdening the Congressional Record in order to force taxpayers to share the cost of printing legislators' campaign literature. Theoretically an exact report of debate, the periodical at times is as phony as a bootleg whisky label.

In the House, where the legislator is fortunate when he can obtain the floor for five minutes, the Record will contain remarks which, had he uttered them, would have required all afternoon.

From the type used in printing the Record the legislator may have

DOWN THE ALLEY

Ingram's
Ingram's
SHAVING

COOL SHAVES

BOWL over your beard with Ingram's Shaving Cream! Ingram's scores a strike on your whiskers but it always spares your face! And it's COOL!

Ingram's gives you your choice of containers. The same cool stuff is sold in jars *or* tubes.

For another thing, Ingram's gives you a shave more cooling and soothing than any other shave you ever tried. Three special constituents make it act on your face like a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin tonic together.

Go ask your druggist which is better—the tube or the jar. He may not know—but he can tell you this: once an Ingram shaver, always an Ingram shaver!

If you want to find out why, send us this coupon and a 3¢ stamp. We'll send you ten shaves FREE—and *cool!*

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM
IN TUBES OR JARS

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. B-1222,
110 Washington St., New York, N.Y. ★
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 3-cent stamp.

Name________________
Street________________
City________ State________

MRS. JONES: My husband's throat is dreadfully sore. What can I give him?

DRUGGIST: Musterole! Rub it on his throat at once. It's a "counter-irritant."

MRS. JONES: "Counter-irritant," what's that mean?

DRUGGIST: Ma'am, a "counter-irritant" is something that draws soreness to the surface, stirs up circulation.

SORE THROAT?

Here's relief . . . quick, sure, safe!

● Sore throats, chest colds or muscular rheumatic pains—all these ailments quickly yield to Musterole. It's just like a mustard plaster, only lots better, because it won't blister, and isn't messy to use. This pure, white ointment gets results—bringing ease in 5 minutes, relief in 5 hours—because it's NOT just a salve. *It's a counter-irritant*—a famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other valuable ingredients. Easy to rub on—penetrates, draws out pain and infection. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. All druggists'.

Musterole is made in Canada by
THE MUSTEROLE CO., LTD.
Montreal

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

printed as many copies of his "speech" as he desires. These are taken to Senate and House folding rooms, where without charge to him they are made ready for mailing in envelopes which bear his signature instead of stamps.

In one fiscal year millions upon millions of these documents were prepared for free distribution by folding-room organizations which cost the public about $129,000 to maintain. The public in addition paid $758,693 to print the Record—yet that part of the speech-printing cost borne by the members who sent the matter to their constituents was only $67,368.

The representative gets a plain drink of water from the spigot, but the senator may call for a bottle of his favorite mineral water. In one year senators consumed $8,500 worth.

I have seen an entire afternoon pass with only two or three senators in the chamber, and one of these was present because he was asleep. In the House it is a day to be remembered when more than a fourth of its 435 members are on hand.

Sometimes, though, when an orator tires of talking to himself and demands a quorum, or when a roll call impends, legislators must show their faces in a hurry.

Senators are prepared for such emergencies because an underground electric railway connects the Senate Office Building with the Capitol. When the bells ring it is pathetic to witness representatives hot-footing it through their subway, when a few hundred feet away their more favored colleagues may be making a similar trip sitting down so as to conserve their strength.

THE Senate insists on maintaining an "official" motor car apiece for its sergeant at arms and its financial clerk, and sometimes two for its secretary. It is not generally known that the secretary is given two cars; yet vouchers show that after trading in an automobile of the same make as his old one and purchasing another which he equipped with an $80 trunk and suitcase kit toward vacation time, he continued for months afterward to pay out hundreds of taxpayers' dollars for upkeep on the old motor.

The official cars must be of as excellent appearance as the President's, and be driven by chauffeurs wearing $60 overcoats and $4 caps. Extra seat covers cost as much as $55 a set. But let no one imagine, just because the purchase prices of these cars range from $2,300 to $2,925 and they have chauffeurs to look after them, that the repair bills are small. As much as $13,000 has been appropriated for maintenance of mail trucks and the official automobiles. Yet in one year an additional miscellaneous fund was lowered $1,700 by expenditures for the financial clerk's car, while the secretary's accounted for a $650 reduction.

The only automotive luxury in the House—spurned solely by Jack Garner—is the car it furnishes to the Speaker. Moreover, it is only jealousy which causes it to indulge its presiding officer. The jealousy flares conveniently whenever the clerk of the House goes before the Appropriations Committee to have the Speaker's motor maintenance fund increased to match that currently given by the Senate to the Vice President. Because "there is no good reason for the discrimination," the House between 1923 and 1930 raised the Speaker's allowance for this purpose from $2,240 to $4,000.

ON the whole, the House does not keep up with the Joneses at the opposite end of the Capitol. However, representatives have made honest efforts to do so, especially in the matter of office quarters. Jealous of the magnificent Senate Office Building, representatives a few years ago decided they could no longer bear the strain of having only one room apiece in the $4,000,000 House Office Building. Therefore they pledged the government to spend $8,400,000 ripping up a city block and constructing an annex. But they could not even the score that easily. The Senate voted to spend $3,000,000 enlarging, beautifying, and air-conditioning its own $4,000,000 edifice. And whereas a garage for representatives was vetoed, a $300,000 underground parking place was ordered built for senators' automobiles.

One congressman refused to pay for $500 worth of telegrams he had charged to the government, despite House leaders threatening to publish him as a deadbeat. Another wired newspapers dispatches concerning his activities and sought to list the tolls as "official business." This kind of thing must turn the stomachs of a few, but voluble opposition would be fruitless and Congressional courtesy makes it bad form to assail a colleague.

In the Senate complaints are scarcely ever heard. In the House they are not quite so uncommon, although they are equally out of order if the extravagance attacked is a child of the House. The nonconformist is likely to be branded a sorehead.

At any rate, nothing is done when the denunciation hits close to home, simply because the majority does not want to reform. When it hits the other legislative body exclusively, it may be bandied about for amusement. But even in this case there are no reforms, because the members fear reprisals and lack courage. This was proved when the Senate asked the House to approve one of its many extra appropriation measures.

So the charge-it-to-the-taxpayer practices continue—the House, unable to play the game because of its proud title, Watchdog of the Treasury, attempting to satisfy its appetite by grabbing at bones and its envy by barking insincere protests at the Senate's extravagance.

THE END

What the Newsreels Do to the GREAT

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

(Reading time: 4 minutes 25 seconds.)

I WAS at a newsreel theater in a fashionable section of New York when an elaborate record of the Republican Convention at Chicago was put on the screen. You would have thought a Silly Symphony was being shown, the way the people laughed. Senator Dickinson's most stentorian periods were received with open gibes; and the high spot of the film, when Joseph Scott with rhetorical flourishes nominated Hoover, was greeted with guffaws.

At the same house, another time, I saw the audience convulsed when three congressmen appeared on the screen in turn and each immediately started to root for himself and the bills he happened to be sponsoring.

The newsreel is going to change the face of politics. Already it has dealt a knock-out blow to the so-called "interview" in which a prominent politician expresses his views for public consumption. Usually, either the newspaper man is handed the statement already written out, or he himself sets down and submits what he thinks the politician would like to say. In either case he tricks the interview out with suitable frills to stress the importance of the speaker.

Under the newsreel era, a politician can no longer shelter himself behind such press indulgence. The newsreel shows no mercy toward shortcomings. The hero of Mr. W. E. Woodward's amusing satire Bunk did not foresee it. He could not guess that within a few short years it would be "debunking America" more faithfully and effectively than Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, and all the other Babbitt hunters rolled into one—and would be stripping public life throughout the civilized world of its accumulation of ballyhoo and blatherskite.

Time was when the public man, as far as the masses were concerned, lived a life almost as darkly aloof as the Dalai Lama. He was a legend, a saga. The press dramatized him. His public appearances were made before an audience accustomed to regard him through the spectacles of fable.

The newsreel has given the loud ha-ha to all this. It presents the public man pitilessly, warts and all. With relentless news-realism it reveals the feet of clay, the voice of brass or tin, the face of dough.

Senator Dogbody, "elder statesman" and "silver-haired Solon," stands disclosed as a foolish-looking old man in a store suit, who, even as you or I, has had an indifferent shave today and who is reeling off platitudes and self-advertisements. Congressman Whosis, intrepid headline alpinist, spouts and gesticulates from the screen like a ham actor. Secretary Blank, hailed by the newspapers as a rising man in the administration, is shown in the last stage of mike fright, gabbling from a prepared manuscript.

The newsreel is inexorable. Like the camera it cannot lie, but unlike so many cameras it also refuses to flatter. It throws on the screen long enough to stamp indelibly on the mind every little trick and mannerism of its victim, while the merciless microphone intensifies, exaggerates even, every inflection of the voice. Just as the microphone heightens the beautiful sonority of such a tone as, say, Chief Justice Hughes commands, so it superflattens a flat voice and amplifies to calliope pitch a harsh one. It does more than this. It seems to have the power of magnifying any strain of vulgarity, insincerity, braggadocio.

In London as in New York, at Prague as at Kobe, in the Australian bush township as in the American small town, the newsreel is everywhere at work pulling down idols.

YOU and I have a clear-cut mental picture, say, of Hindenburg. We think of him as a man of blood and iron, who has put the sword aside to guide the destinies of the vast German Republic during the most anxious years of its history. We take this conception to the motion-picture theater—and lo, we see a very old man in a sagging uniform hung with medals, pathetically trying to hold himself erect as, with halting step, he plods painfully along a garden path.

Mussolini's press photographs (censored) display him in innumerable postures appropriate to the superman. He appears as the grave statesman, tall and elegantly tailored, or as Dictator on pawing charger.

What does the newsreel do? Without ceremony it breaks to us the fact that Mussolini is not tall but short; that he is swarthy, bull-necked, and inclined to fat and perspiration; that his oratory is strident and devoid of grace.

George Bernard Shaw dwells in our imagination as the saturnine philosopher and satirist, the Voltaire of our time. The newsreel socks us with a flash of an elderly mountebank with an Irish brogue clowning on a lawn at Malvern.

All over the world the public has grown less credulous and more hard-boiled since the war. Satire has gained favor everywhere. The public taste runs to idol-smashing. It likes its humor off the end of a bludgeon. The masses gibe at high-flown sentiment. As expressions of the new disbelief, "Oh, yeah?" and the Bronx cheer have taken firm root in the popular speech.

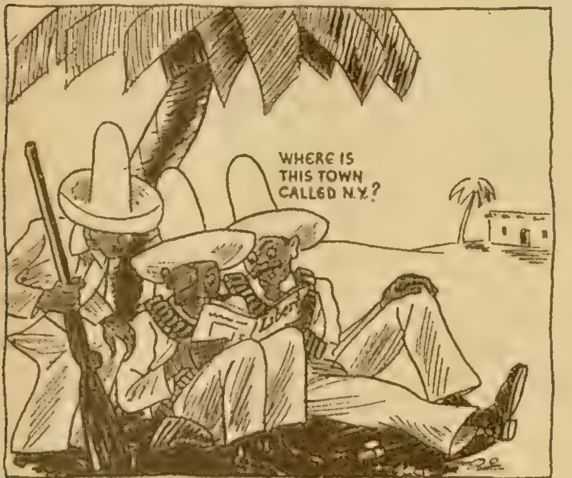
The man in the street is beginning to think for himself. It was the radio dial that gave him his first taste of freedom. The newsreel has completed his education. It won't let mere lung power and self-assurance fool the public any of the time.

THE END

VOX

It Takes the Marines to Figure Things Out

PUERTO CABEZAS, NIC.—All along I have been wondering what could possibly turn the mind of Nicaragua's bandit chief, General Sandino, from looting and killing that he and his followers have been waging in this country since 1927. Now I have my problem solved. The October 8 issue of Liberty gives us Jay Franklin's article, Are We Ripe for a "Revolution"? and the October 15 issue carries Lorimer Hammond's article, Could 20,000 Troops Take New York? I am sending these two issues of Liberty to General Sandino, for I know that right away he is going to call together his 20,000 *muchachos* from the hills and march straight for the Statue of Liberty; passing through Honduras via Mexico and then into the U. S. A. We will be able to live in peace in Nicaragua then, without dread of bandits breaking out every now and then, until General Sandino gets through cleaning up New York.—*Marine.*


WHERE IS THIS TOWN CALLED N.Y.?

Hawaii's Friends Speak—

CULVER CITY, CALIF.—I am so enthused over the article, What Hawaii Thinks of the Navy Now, by David Heenan, Jr., in your issue of November 19, that I can hardly type these words of commendation fast enough. At last someone has the intelligence, honesty, and fairness to give us the real reasons back of the recent trouble in Hawaii.

Many of us have felt all along that the burden of blame should not be placed on the Hawaiians alone. The white race has no cause to feel proud of its dealings with, and influence on, the darker-skinned races.—*Madeline Glass.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Of all the hundreds of articles that have been written about the Massie case, David Heenan's virile story is the first to do more than scratch the surface. Mr. Heenan undoubtedly will bring the wrath of many factions down upon his head, but anyone who knows Hawaii from more than a week's personally conducted tourist tour knows that he is right.

It's certainly refreshing to find a writer who has the courage to tell the truth, knowing in advance that it will make him immensely unpopular with many people.—*Frank Bailey.*

PITTSBURG, KAN.—Turn out the guard for David Heenan, Jr. He certainly gave the inside dope on the conditions in Hawaii. Those arrogant, superior gentlemen by-the-act-of-Congress-and-the-help-of-God class of army and navy officers are enough to make any populace feel like committing murder or any other crime.—*An Ex-Leatherneck.*

—And So Does the Navy

DALLAS, TEX.—David Heenan's article on What Hawaii Thinks of the Navy Now in the November 19 issue of Liberty should not pass unchallenged.

It is extremely hard to combat such generalities. I have no doubt Mr. Heenan could produce isolated cases to back up many of the statements he has made concerning the sobriety and morals of the army and navy. He could probably do the same for any other portion of the Hawaiian Islands' population or any equal number of people in the United States. None of these elements can be damned as a whole for a few lapses.

Mr. Heenan's article, with its cavalier disposal of a white woman's honor and safety, and its insinuating attack on the unfortunate Mrs. Massie, is in keeping with some of his other remarks.

I believe every woman should be safe in her home and on the streets, regardless of her race or color. Honolulu has been lax or inefficient in running down criminals, and she is taking active steps to remedy this condition. The growing ex-alien American-citizen population of Hawaii is a problem which cries for solution.

The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.—*Commander E. B. Lapham, U. S. Navy.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—David Heenan, Jr., on What Hawaii Thinks of the Navy Now, was unworthy of any fair-minded man, so I'm going to give him the lie.

I was with the fleet in 1925 when we went to Honolulu. Mr. Heenan says there were scores of drunken sailors at all hours of the night lying in Hotel Street.

The navy gave the enlisted men liberty from 1 P. M. until 6 P. M. each day. Mr. Heenan's scores of drunken sailors weren't from the fleet.

Many sailors got drunk, but Honolulu furnished the liquor and good navy pay money went into Hawaiian socks to pay for it.—*Theo. Boswell.*

We'll Bet You're Right

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, ARK.—I am an ardent reader of Liberty and my first page is Vox Pop. I was much amused at the article written by Ben Patur, D.D.S., of Memphis, Tennessee, in the November 5 issue.

Being a dental assistant for three years I feel I am in a position to say that the reason the patient could have a tooth extracted without pain was because he found a late copy of the best weekly, Liberty, in a dentist's office, instead of an ancient magazine telling you Columbus had discovered America or the Declaration of Independence had been signed.

Mayme Curten

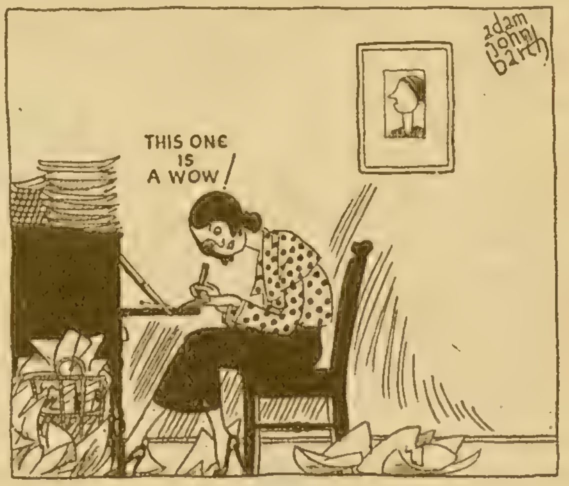
This is such a rare event in a dentist's reception room that the dentist is to be congratulated, for Liberty is not only cheaper than an anæsthetic but much more pleasant to take and you have no after effects.—*Mayme Curten.*

You Get the Idea

WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—When a person pays a nickel for a Liberty and three cents more to tell you how rotten it is, they must consider that it was worth eight cents.—*Larry.*

At Least Here Is the Evidence that We Read Them

CAMERON, S. C.—I've decided to write a few stories and offer them to the editor. I sent one in—a short short story—but it was too good, so they wouldn't have it. You know it was entirely out of your class. I have another almost ready—a wow—about a rich girl and a horse race. I know you would like it.


THIS ONE IS A WOW!

Take that stuff Bert Green calls Diana's Diary; nothing but a bunch of silly old letters he probably found in somebody's stowaway trunk. Maybe his sister's, who knows?

Aren't we silly after all? We just keep on reading Liberty and hoping.—*Mrs. Pearl A. Smith.*

POP

adam john barth
VOX POP EDITOR

A Good Idea, Mrs. Gray? Why, It's Splendid

STAMFORD, TEX.—After having almost a nervous breakdown getting my son off to school every morning, I hit on this novel idea: I give him a penny a day to get dressed in five minutes. It has brought me rich rewards.

He takes his five pennies and buys Liberty; he's making a beautiful scrapbook of Liberty's covers. I get good reading material for my leisure hours. All for my penny idea. Don't you think it a good one?—*Mrs. Cecil Gray.*

The Credit Man's Side

DAVENPORT, IA.—I was very favorably impressed with part of the article written by Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr., on The Art of Owing Money in your issue of November 12.

I have been a credit man for over ten years, and his hackneyed expression that 99 per cent of the people are honest should be qualified. My suggestion is that this statement should read that 99 per cent of the people *wish* to be honest. There are a large number of people at this time who *wish* to pay if they could do so conveniently, but do not desire to make any sacrifice. These people I classify as people of the *wishbone* honesty type who are really no better than the 1 per cent who actually intend to beat their creditors.

W. J. Barloon

To the people of the *wishbone* honesty type Mr. Van Vlissingen's Rule Five is apt to give a wrong idea. In the first place, it is seldom necessary to instruct a debtor to talk up to his creditors in such manner as Mr. Van Vlissingen suggests. True enough, he should keep in touch with the creditor and keep him fully advised of his condition, as suggested in Rule One, but upon doing so, if the creditor can see that the debtor is absolutely unable to pay there are very few creditors that are going to be unreasonable, for, after all, all they want is their money.—*W. J. Barloon.*

All Future Contests Will Be Extended a Week

CORDOVA, ALASKA—As an enthusiastic reader of Liberty may I make a suggestion which will benefit several thousand Alaskan readers of your magazine?

Due to your time limit for receipt of answers to all contests in Liberty, we of western Alaska are unable to compete, due to our winter trimonthly mail service. Add a week to the time allowed on these contests and watch our smoke!

I wish Diana of the tepid diary would submerge three times in twenty fathoms of water and come up twice.

Wishing Liberty success and anticipating many happy hours of reading time in this popular weekly during the next fifty years.—*Ken Nelson.*

Did You Say Scotch, Mac?—

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Of course you folks are catering to flaming youth and the New Deal, so I don't suppose you will be interested in a cynical old mossback's hope that the New Deal will not be a Dirty Deal.

Specifically, I want to know if they expect to pacify us with beer. Don't they know that beer is only belly wash for foreigners and sentimental sissies? A man wants something that takes hold, and there is nothing takes hold like genuine Scotch. The brewing interests are the ones who are yelling for beer. They want to hog all the field to themselves.—*Alex McCracken.*

—Well, Here's Company

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—On November 8 Vox Pop spoke in a loud and decisive tone. Now that we have decided to trade the chicken in every pot for a drunk on every corner, I feel at least fifteen years younger. Hic! Hic! Hooray! We won't miss the hot bird if we have enough cold bottles. I drink your health in a brown derby of suds.—*Fred C. Harrell.*

Don't Dare Us

S. PASADENA, CALIF.—I've been longing to pop a vox for centuries. Say, if I don't find this letter published I'll know for sure that you write your own. Furthermore, I believe you answer your own contests, so there! I'm on to you, Liberty, and I just dare you to publish this!—*Fay Bloom.*

Just Give Him a Chance

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—What's the big idea of all the blonde dizzies on your covers? Doesn't Leslie Thrasher know that brunettes are just as pretty, and might help to make your old nickel magazine really worth a nickel? Hats off to brunettes, and I expect to see one adorning your covers in a very short time.—*Margaret Nick.*

What, a Satisfied Reader?

LA GRANGE, GA.—Can you possibly stand just one more voice of the people? If you can, then please read with your smile growing bigger and better the fact that I think Make Way for Marcia, by Philip Wylie, one of the most entertaining short stories that I have ever read in any publication at any time anywhere. The dexterity with which Mr. Wylie handled his plot, the finesse of his humor, and the widely appealing subject matter itself make this story literally a little gem.

Calder B. Vaughan

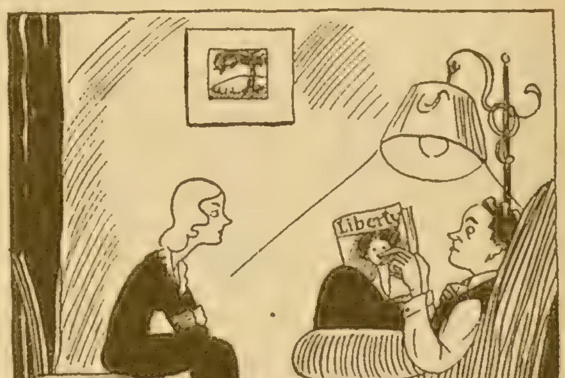
While I am "popping," please, for heaven's sake, Mr. Editor, don't ever print another issue of Liberty without having an article by Robert Benchley. I can laugh just as fast as he can write. No matter where I am, after reading an article by him I burst forth in loud guffaws and I fear people who see me who do not know Mr. Benchley may get alarmed. Tell Mr. Benchley if I am put into the "bughouse" he will have to get me out, because it will be his fault. The people who kick at Mr. Benchley show that they have lost their sense of humor.—*Calder B. Vaughan.*

About Taxes

CHICAGO, ILL.—In the October 22 issue of your magazine your editorial, Our Staggering Load of Taxes, was a masterly article upon a subject that is of vital interest to all Americans.—*Robert W. Conway.*

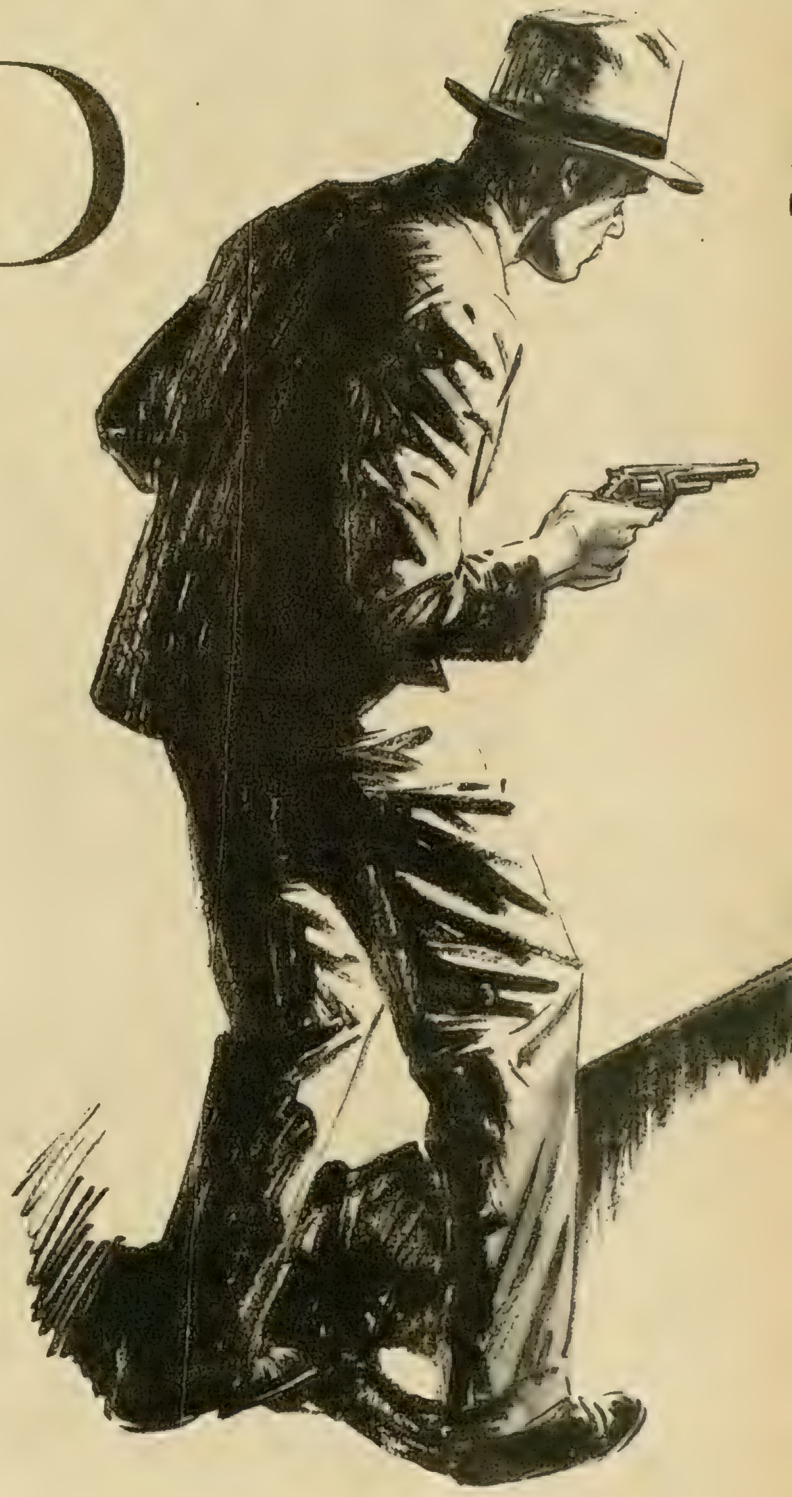
Try Buying Two Copies

MASON CITY, IA.—I wish it was possible to buy two Libertys for a nickel. I wait for my Liberty all week, and when it does come out friend husband just simply hogs it and I sit there with my eyes just popping to see it, but no, sir, I have to wait my turn.



Would like to hear some more of the Potter family. Oh, yes! Three copies would be better, as baby is crazy about Liberty.—*M. Lau.*

They Went Up EUCLID Avenue



The Story of a Wooing on Wheels

A PRIZE FIRST STORY

By

MAMIE DENNIS

(Reading time: 22 minutes 5 seconds.)

HE said, "Doggone whistlin'. I didn't think she'd make it." That's what he said. And Melita's heart, which had gone into a tail spin as soon as they left the lighted streets of Berkeley behind, suddenly righted itself. "What *had* you expected?" she gibed herself.

He wasn't little and sleek, like the fellows who called for Carma and Cissie, with their tongues dripping with wise cracks, their conscious "way with women." He had a boyish look, but the big upstanding figure of a prairie man; and he knew secondhand autos like nobody's business.

He sold used cars for an agency in East Oakland. I mean he *sold* used cars. He didn't tell his boss, "But nobody's selling anything now. After while, when things loosen up—" He didn't tell the other salesmen, as they told each other, "I came pretty near placing that Buick coupé, only the guy didn't have the money. Things are sure tough right now." He said, "Hey, Bill. Can you have the lights on that Buick fixed by one o'clock? . . . Sure. I got to deliver it today. . . . Nope, the guy didn't have the money, but he knew where he could get it."

He didn't follow the card system of filing prospects. He ignored the advice of the "sales promoter" sent out from headquarters every so often: "The first step is placing our literature in the hands of the prospective buyer. A sales talk. Finally a demonstration."

Johnny spread the literature carelessly on a table and forgot about it. "If they're interested they'll take one; if not they wouldn't read it anyhow," he would say.

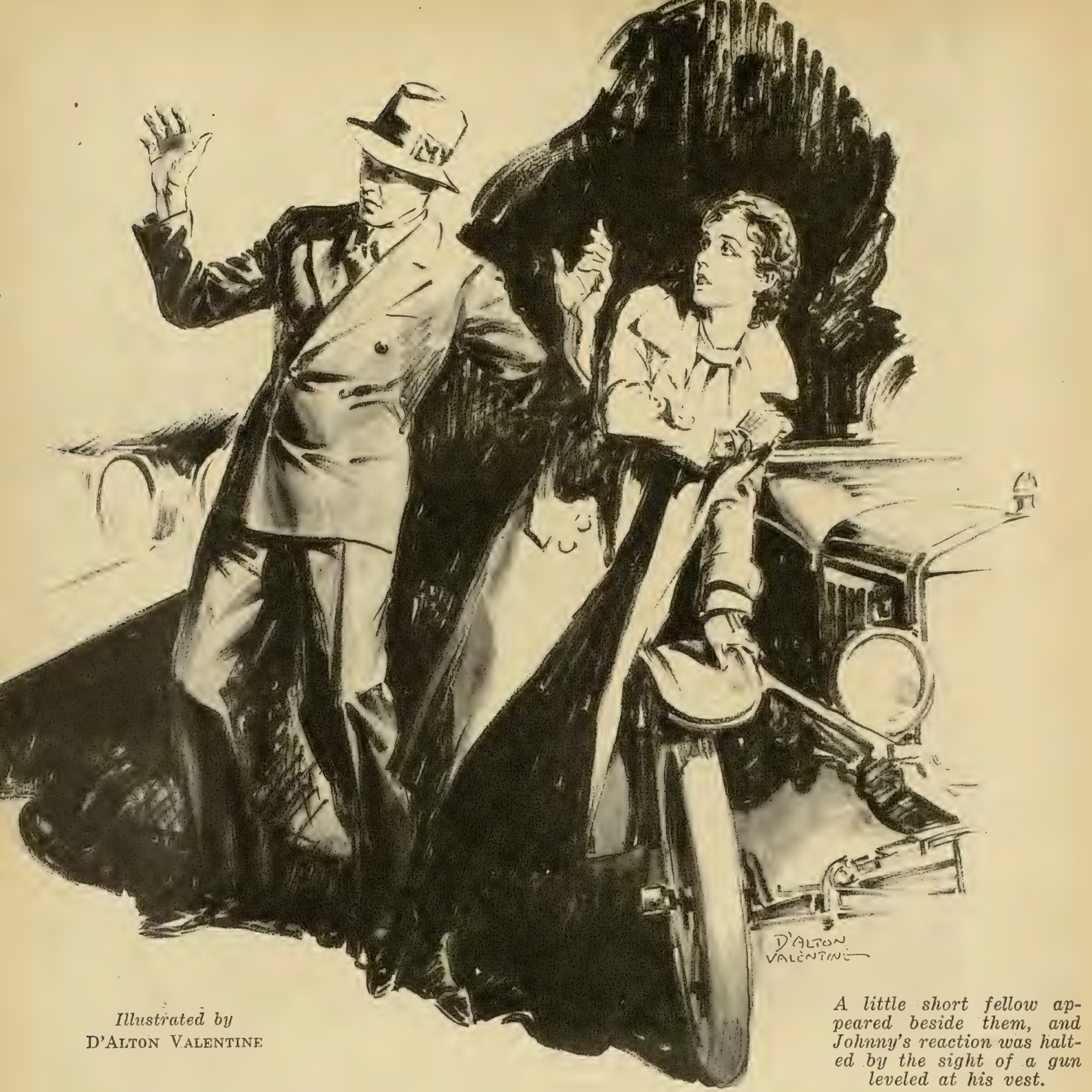
He didn't place a fresh and neatly folded handkerchief in his breast pocket every morning, which, as ad readers know, is one of the first steps to success. There might even be a grease spot, if Bill hadn't fixed the timing gears to suit him.

He was always being late for the weekly sales meeting. He might show up an hour later, then approach the sales manager.

"What you askin' for that old Velie in the back?"

"The *old* one? Oh, eighty, I guess."

"Wouldn't take seventy-five?"



Illustrated by
D'Alton Valentine

A little short fellow appeared beside them, and Johnny's reaction was halted by the sight of a gun leveled at his vest.

" Cash? Sure, take seventy-five. Take seventy. Get rid of the darn' thing."

Business of Johnny handing over a roll of bills.

" Uh? Had it sold on me, did you? Smart boy."

" Yep—for eighty-five," with a budding grin.

Business of sales manager rethumbing the bills. " Fifty, sixty, sixty-five—"

" *Seventy.* The rest is my percentage."

" You can't get away with that," the sales manager would growl. But Johnny always did. After all, you can't fire a guy that really sells 'em.

Once he remarked, as though that explained things, " My dad used to be a horse trader."

He was the only one who would bother with Tony. " That wop? " they said. " Why, he's just a garbage driver. Besides, he wouldn't have anything."

" Not wop," said Johnny. " Portugee. And he owns the shack he lives in, which is more than you or I do. Snapdragons around the door." And pretty soon Tony was taking the wife and kids out on Sundays in a '27 touring that Johnny had hand-picked for him.

Of course it was so simple you've guessed it: Johnny knew used cars, and he knew people. At least the kind of people who buy used cars. That he liked both automobiles and people helped too.

MELITA didn't know about all this. But it was in something the same way that he had picked her up. When she had arrived, out of breath, at the corner, and running out had timidly flagged a street car, Johnny was sitting at the cross street waiting for a green light. As the street car moved on without her, she came back feeling flushed and confused, as we all are apt to, quite unwarrantably, in little incidents of the like. " He didn't see me," she murmured unnecessarily to the onlookers at the curb, and looked uneasily at her wrist watch.

It was then that Johnny, who seldom had time for girls, swung open the door of the roadster and grinned a wordless invitation.

She had been told never, never to accept a ride from a strange man. That's probably why she did it. What's the use of leaving the farm, if you're going to

Now PLAYING CARDS free TO SMOKERS

DO YOU know that Raleigh, the quality cigarette, has dropped to 15¢?

And here is another big reason why you will become a regular Raleigh smoker: There's a coupon in every pack. Save these coupons for fine quality U. S. Playing Cards. For fifty coupons, you receive one deck with your initial on it. For 85 you get a beautiful bridge set of two decks of the same design, but contrasting colors.

While you are enjoying this extra value, remember Raleighs are still the same superior quality cigarette that used to cost considerably more.

20 CIGARETTES 20
Raleigh
CIGARETTES
K

Raleigh Cigarettes 15¢

(Cork tips at no extra cost)

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP., LOUISVILLE, KY.

mind Aunt Ella all your life?

He took her straight home; he didn't ask her name. "See?" she told the mental vision of Aunt Ella. She wondered, though. Maybe she wasn't attractive, after all. Or maybe he just picked up a different girl every day.

But he was at the same corner the next day, and this time he said, "I'm on the floor from six to ten tonight. After I close up we could take a ride. Ever been up on the Hill?"

There are many hills around Berkeley, but the Hill is an outlying street that leads toward Grizzly Peak. There is on it a breath of sweet alyssum from hidden gardens; it is as curved and capricious as a woman, and it is named, for indiscernible reasons, Euclid.

She told Cissie and Carma about it as soon as they got home from the ferry. (Cissie and Carma commuted.) When you're away from all your folks, you like to tell somebody things. The girls looked at each other in a special way. They said they guessed she knew her own business. They pretended to think it was the Ladies' Bandit. This was a certain character who, according to the newspapers, had been "terrorizing the women and girls of the East Bay." It was a joke among the office girls that they'd love to be grabbed by that bold bad man.

Melita shook her head in feigned regret. "He doesn't have that kind of a look."

BUT, alone with him that night, as they left Oakland, then Berkeley behind, she wondered if she were going to be one of those girls who drop from sight and are never heard of again. Any minute now he might turn to her, say things, do things—Melita's virgin mind had never quite plumbed the taboo, the limbo of wickedness that Aunt Ella hinted of with lowered voice.

And all the time Johnny had been thinking about his toy. Would he have to shift or would "she" make it?

"Just took this in this evening. Hadn't had a chance to try it out," he explained.

He monkeyed with the windshield wiper; he tried the dome light; he said that rattle was in the left window; he stepped on her again and cocked his ear. "There's a sweet motor for you." You might have thought he was trying to make a sale. But he was just enthusiastic like that.

They stopped on top of the Hill, and Melita saw what they had come up there for. Below them were the lights of Richmond and El Cerrito and Albany and Berkeley and Oakland. You turned your head and these spread on into Piedmont and Hayward and San Leandro. The Mole. The winking line that was the new bay bridge. Dimmer, on the other side of the bay, the lights of San Francisco. Jimmy pointed it all out to her. The beacon lights just off Golden Gate. The lights of San Quentin, the prison island, where if one escaped from the iron bars he was stopped by the iron cliffs. The little separate swarms that were Sausalito and San Raphael and Mill Valley. They sat above the world.

At breakfast, which the girls managed in their room, they turned to her, curious.

"What about the heavy date?" asked Carma.

"Yes; how was he?" said Cissie. "What happened?"

"Nothing," said Melita, drinking her third of the milk.

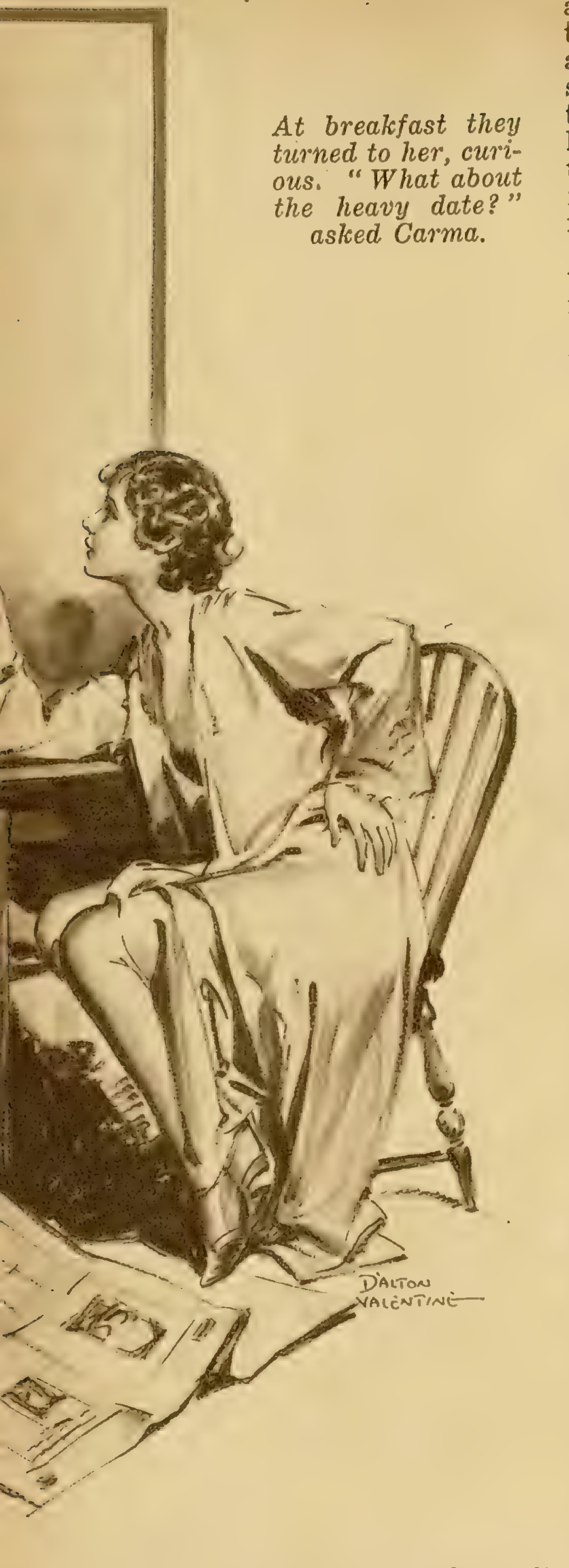
"Come on; what did you *do?* Don't *we* tell *you* everything?" (They didn't; she was too innocent.)

Melita lighted a match to the canned heat and set over it water for a poached egg.

"Well—" Cissie and Carma didn't understand about views. "Well, we climbed Euclid Avenue in high," she offered.

Cissie stared. Carma hooted.

After that there were many rides. To various places, but mostly on the Hill. It was such a good testing



At breakfast they turned to her, curious. "What about the heavy date?" asked Carma.

place for brakes and pick-up and pull. They didn't get tired of the view, because it was always different. San Francisco was a phantom city. There she lay, one night, so close you could pick out landmarks like the flood lights of the ferry building. Next night she just wasn't there. Oakland and Berkeley, perhaps; then black water and nothing. Or, still unseen, she would throw a glow on the fog, clouds above her. Sometimes you saw her skyscraper tops floating, the bases obliterated. Clear nights, when her lights were white. Rainy nights, when they had a reddish cast. You never knew just how it would be. It shook even Melita's loyalty to the Kansas plains.

They would watch it for the length of a cigarette, and then drive on. Always one or two cars, sometimes a dozen, would be parked here and there along the way. Johnny would take the circle road through the hills, and after they had wound around until it seemed they were lost in the eucalyptus timber, there they would be somehow back on to Euclid again. And the same cars would be parked still in the same places. Melita wondered mildly about them.

There was one little place they always called the "bootlegger shack," for no other reason than that, at whatever hour of the night they happened to pass, various cars would be clustered around it.

After they came down from the Hill they would stop somewhere, the Circle Lunch or the White Tavern, for a hamburger. "One with, one without." Johnny, talking baseball news with the proprietor, would devour his in a sec, while she sat tasting her coffee. Sometimes he forgot and devoured hers too, before she got around to it. They would laugh, and Johnny would call out, "Make it another. Without."

Once he showed her a tricky little compact he had found in one of the trade-ins. He told her that little things were often left that way, forgotten.

She displayed the compact to the girls, explaining about it. Cissie snorted. Carma stared.

They too brought home gifts: a diamond bracelet for Carma, a diamond clasp for Cissie. Melita had no envy. Diamonds were all right for brilliant, colorful women. When she tried them on she felt the way a mouse probably does when you switch on the lights.

Nor did she think ill of the girls. They were city-bred; that was all.

SHE wrote Aunt Ella about Johnny and the rides; about the compact, and a leather week-end case that a tourist party had left behind, and a pretty good fountain pen. Aunt Ella wired back, "Sterilize them."

Once they went to a party given by one of Cissie's friends. "I can't," said Cissie. "I've got a date in the city; we're going over to Tait's. They say the lobster catch is in." She sent Melita and Johnny in her place, and pursued lobster.

The party was in an attic. No stairs. There was a rope-pulley arrangement by which the host pulled the girls up, assisted by a youth on the floor beneath. It was supposed to be lots of fun. They giggled and squealed. "Did you see a lot of leg?" one asked of the boy below. "Not a thing," he lied.

They played billiards a while, and drank. Melita sipped very timidly at hers—she had a horror of getting nausea. Johnny emptied his in a big absent-minded way. They danced a while, then couples began to disappear. There were rooms cut off from the big hall by thick red curtains.

When they were the only couple left, Melita looked about, helpless, embarrassed. Johnny stood looking at her, and for once, it seemed, he too was helpless and embarrassed. He said: "We gotta try out that sedan

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on the Hill. Bill went over it this morning and she runs sweet. Ought to pull it in high. Ought to pull the hat off your head."

So they slid down the pulley and started out in the sedan. Melita leaned out the window to get the clean salt breath of the fog. The roadway was clear, no street car at the turn, and they went over the top with a rush and a clatter. "Does she pull?" exulted Johnny. "Just like molasses taffy!"

They stopped at a curve just over the crest, and Johnny switched off the ignition. They found themselves very close to each other. Something was happening that hadn't happened on any of their other nights.

After a while Melita roused herself from the rear seat, where they unaccountably were, and woke Johnny. It was chilly and her head ached. They drove home in silence.

Johnny never referred to this night again. But the next time they passed the "bootlegger shack" he said, "I don't like it. Makes you thick in the head. Beer's all right. When I was pitchin' wheat in Minnesota we used to send for cold beer. Wrapped in a wet gunny sack, on the shady side of the stack. That was *somethin'*—with the sweat and the wheat straw ticklin' your face. And down in Arkansaw they make elderberry wine. But this stuff—" His vigorous headshake condemned it once and for all.

Once she asked what he had done before he pitched wheat in Minnesota. "Worked on a farm. Swapped live stock on the side." And after Minnesota? "Went to college a little. Swapped automobiles on the side."

And they continued to try out good Fords and bad Fords; rotten Fords; Fords that refused altogether. "It's in the distributor head"; or, "Must be the differential." Melita, who had no notion of a car's in'ards, began to take a casual interest in these organs. A Reo that only needed new piston rings, and a Chandler that would be fine when the spark plugs were cleaned.

THEY went out Tunnel Road and Skyline Boulevard. Now, when their lights flashed into a parked car, she turned her head considerately. Paiges and Hups and Studes and Chryslers. "Just like new," Johnny would admire. "Never been overheated. I'll have the battery looked after and the steering wheel tightened." Or maybe, "This one's shot. A smash-up; they're never the same afterward. But see that upholstery? Pigskin!"

An ancient Crow-Elcar; and once a La Salle cabriolet. "Got an old wreck out here. Best I could do. The better ones are all polished up for the auction tomorrow," he told her.

Melita said, "All right; I don't care." And when they reached the curb there was the cabriolet, a special paint job, all canary and ivory and black; and Johnny's broad grin as he helped her in. That night they passed up the hamburger joints and stopped at the Coat-of-Arms. Intimidated by the prices, Melita mentioned a thin sandwich and a cup of tea; but Johnny appropriated her menu card and ordered generously for them both. "Two dinners—Belgian hare and guinea breast." Johnny drank two cups of coffee and sent back twice for rolls. At length they climbed back into the cabriolet, feeling opulent and sated.

The next time it was a Ford again, about as bad-looking as you ever see in circulation any more. She wondered what Johnny would find to say about it. He said, "These old Model Ts were great in their time. Take this one. It's old, but it's still got it."

An open, sparkly night; but Melita, looking up, saw that the hillside lights were softly blurred. "High fog," she prophesied. And sure enough, when they nosed up on to the crest they ran into it, thick enough to slice. No use going on; they could see only a few inches beyond the radiator cap. "If we meet anybody, it's just too bad," Johnny commented cheerfully. He started to swing the Ford around, and came to a dead stop against a machine that had invisibly approached.

"NO harm done, pardner," he called. "Just grazed the fender, I reckon."

Simultaneously a little short fellow appeared beside them, and Johnny's muscular reaction was halted by the sight of a gun leveled at his vest. "Cash, brother, and lots of it!"

In a way it was ridiculous, for he was about half Johnny's bulk. But the gun threatened. Johnny handed over his roll, after deliberately detaching a two-dollar bill. "This here would bring you bad luck," he argued amiably. "And I'll need it for breakfast." Johnny would bargain even with a bandit.

"Don't be funny." The bandit appropriated the two-spot. "I'll take the girl too."

He forced her into his car, and Johnny didn't even protest. Still thinking about the money, Melita supposed bitterly.

He backed his long maroon car around, manipulating it with one hand, keeping Johnny covered until they drew abreast. Then, with a contemptuous glance at the Model T, he taunted, "Now catch me with that puddle jumper if you can," and stepped on the gas.

Melita thought about grabbing his pistol hand, but she didn't know her hands had fluttered out until he jabbed her cruelly in the ribs with a vicious elbow.

Then they were off down the highway, alone in the fog. But Melita didn't believe any of it. Things like that couldn't happen to her. She was Melita Collins, from Wichita, Kansas. Not somebody in the Follies. Not somebody on the front page. Just Melita, who could make bran muffins and dress a chicken; who was wearing her best brown frock; who had an appointment with the dentist tomorrow. Life hadn't taught her yet that anything can happen to anybody.

The bandit was driving jerkily; he didn't seem to know the turns very well. The fog had lifted a little. She looked across, where San Francisco ought to be: a few red coals in a heap of ashes; like the banked fire which her father kept in the heater through winter nights.

She felt nostalgia for the home folks in Kansas. Where people talked of chinch bugs and new babies. Where the weather wasn't just a topic for polite conversation; it was prosperity or failure—your winter coal and bread, or the lack of them.

Once Cissie and Carma had been incredibly amused to find a half-written letter in Melita's typewriter: "Dear Aunt Ella: How are the crops this month—" They couldn't believe it. To them it was a stock-comedy line. That time it was Melita who snorted. "What would you have for breakfast," she wanted to know, "if somebody didn't talk crops, *think* crops?"

If she just thought hard enough about Kansas maybe she wouldn't know the bandit was there.

But this was a bandit with an aching ego. "I'm Lee, the Ladies' Bandit," he said. "Five times in two weeks. Read about me in the papers, haven't you?"

The papers! "Another girl victim of daring East Bay bandit who preys on petting parties. . . . A parked car on a lonely road in the hills. . . . The victim was identified as—" People would read it in Sacramento and Phœnix and Trinidad and Kansas City and Des Moines and Philadelphia.

Now they were dipping down below the fog, and she could see San Francisco a-glitter. A little group of lights detached itself and began to slip over northward; that was the ferry plying to Sausalito.

THE bandit was trying to talk to her. "I like my women to be entertaining," he hinted, nastily polite. And, getting no response, "We're riding fast and far tonight, and I could stand a little sugar along the way." And again, the quick edge of impatience cutting through, "Speak up, sister. Don't be a dumb one"—in a voice that trembled with the prescience of all-but-unleashed nerves.

Melita obediently opened her mouth; but she couldn't think of a thing to say to him. All she could think of was that she loathed him, had contempt for him. That he wasn't a romantic figure at all. Only a weakling. Who had to use a gun to get what he wasn't able to get any other way. Couldn't make a living, like other men. Couldn't even get a decent girl, save at the point of a gun. No muscle; a mind that worked only in furtive directions; no morale; no strength to him anywhere. Oh, she could tell him plenty about that!

No marrow in his bones. No solid core to him. Just a mess of vicious reactions, held together and varnished over by his pitiful, his avid vanity. And she mustn't tell him that. She sat frightened at her own silence, fearful of his displeasure any minute now—and yet no words came.

And then, with hideous unexpectedness, something reft the silence for her. A revolver shot. Near; loud. It froze her up; she couldn't get her breath. As if that one violence to her ears were not enough, all that Melita could bear, there came others and others, nearer, louder, if possible. She couldn't be expected to bear it—she didn't *have* to bear it. She felt herself slowly sinking down into unconsciousness.

After a while she opened her eyes. The shooting was still going on. Why, no. It was the Ford engine, gathering speed for the grade ahead! She was there with Johnny. His arm was about her, warm, friendly. Why, she'd been asleep. She'd dreamed the whole crazy adventure! She rubbed her cheek against his arm for reassurance.

"HELLO, birdie. Kind of tuckered you, didn't it?

"I knew I could catch him," he mused presently. "On this kind of a road. That boat of his—" He speculated briefly. "A '29, probably," he decided. "Late '29. On a level he's got me licked plenty, but he ain't got the pick-up on a hill. And it's too long to take the turns. Yessir, I knew I'd catch him!"

Melita sat up. "There *was* shooting. A whole army—"

"Mostly me," grinned Johnny. "Put a hole in every one of his tires. Golly!" He clutched her tighter an instant. "I was scared, the way it skittered around before it stopped. I hadn't ought to have done that, with you in it."

Melita's faculties began to focus. She pointed a shocked finger at the shattered windshield. Her fingers, exploring, found holes in the cushion.

Johnny nodded. "Plumb wild, that fellow's aim. But you got to remember," he added judicially, "I had the advantage, coming from behind. And my lights blinded him."

Melita began to feel apologetic. "I didn't mean to faint, but I never was in a battle before."

"It was a break," said Johnny. "As soon as you fell back out of the way, I just shot the gun out of his hand."

It occurred to Melita that Johnny must be quite a shot. She murmured something like that.

"Well, down in Arkansaw we used to shoot squirrels out of the tall timber. Potpies." He paused, tasting the potpies again.

"What? Oh. Why, then I went up to him and aimed my gun straight at his temple and—"

"John*ny!*" High drama was doing things to Melita's heart.

"—socked him in the jaw," he finished triumphantly.

Headlights flashed from behind them. She clutched Johnny's arm.

"Naw," he said. "Can't you tell the sound of a Chivvy yet by the sound of it comin' upgrade? I got to edu-

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—The first means to unravel; the others are variants of the same word, meaning disconcert, worry.

2—The party demanding home rule.

3—A fabulous serpent, lizard, or dragon, whose breath, and even look, was fatal.

4—William Thomas Cosgrave.

5—A stone fruit, as the plum, cherry, nectarine, etc.

6—Triphenylmethane or related compounds.

7—A fingerprint.

8—The author who wrote under the pen name of Artemus Ward.

9—Powerful.

10—Carthage and Rome.

11—A person suffering from morbid depression of the mind.

12—George Washington.

13—Robert E. Lee, then a lieutenant colonel in the United States Army.

14—Southeast Virginia and northeast North Carolina.

15—Asia and eastern Europe.

16—Diamond cuttings used for grinding and as drill points.

17—Sixty-six feet.

18—From Louise de La Vallière, a mistress of Louis XIV.

19—Pierre Charles L'Enfant.

20—Ownership of the Aland Islands.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question
(question on page 27)

There is only one *kind* of aspirin, but there are many brands. In order to be *sure* of the Purity, Effectiveness and Safety of the Aspirin you take, say—"Squibb Aspirin, please!" to your druggist.

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SQUIBB ASPIRIN
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cate you." Nevertheless she took nervous peeks into the rear-vision mirror.

"Don't worry," he told her. "When I sock a guy he stays socked quite a spell. I used to be a wheat heaver."

At the corner of Shattuck Street Johnny stopped and went into a drug store. "I won't be a minute."

Melita drew a deep breath and looked at the familiar street signs. She wasn't up in the dark hills, the twisty, foggy hills. She was here with lights, and people passing, and street cars. "The Percolator Café." "Jo Brown, Haberdasher." "Day and Night Pharmacy." And here was Johnny again.

"I told the police where to find him"—handing her a chocolate-candy bar and tearing the wrapper from another. "You won't be in this," he added. It was all right. Things didn't happen to her, Melita.

Arrived at her house number, Johnny casually gathered her up and set her down at the foot of her stairs. "Think you can make it?"

Melita put her hand over her breast. Her engine wasn't knocking—not very much. "Sure. I feel fine."

SHE turned around at the third step. "Johnny?"

"What's on your mind, kitten?"

"Nothing. Only I didn't know you carried a gun."

"I don't." Johnny drew out the revolver and regarded it with detached interest. "This here was in that Stutz sport model that we repossessed yesterday. So I stuck it in the side pocket of the Ford, thinkin' to ask the secondhand man would he give me two bucks for it. But I didn't get around to it today. Good thing I didn't." He turned the gun over in his hand, then tucked it back into his pocket. "Yep. Good thing I didn't."

The girls were awake when she came in. "Whatever's the matter? You look kind of funny," they told her.

Melita looked at them. "Did you know," she said hazily, "that a Model T has a lot of pick-up on a hill road?"

Cissie hooted. Carma snorted. They both stared.

Melita crossed her arms and with a single hitch drew the brown dress off over her shoulders.

She kicked off her slippers and, without bothering to undress further, tumbled into bed.

And next evening Johnny didn't ring up at all. Cissie and Carma weren't having dates. The three sat around their little living room, feeling both bored and rested from the unaccustomed evening at home. Cissie had a novel. Melita was basting a fresh collar on tomorrow's office dress.

CARMA finished a letter and spoke about going to bed. There was a heavy tread in the hall below.

"The big boy from the cow pastures?" Carma cocked an eyebrow at Melita.

"I don't know," said Melita meekly.

"Who else would shake the stairs like an elephant?" Cissie wanted to know.

Johnny sat down in their little rocker. Obligingly, Carma and Cissie went for a walk.

"There ought to be a big chair for Johnny," Melita was thinking. "A great armchair of worn leather before a stone fireplace." She stopped, cheeks flushing. Johnny was saying, "Want to go for a ride?" the same as ever.

"No," said Melita, surprising herself.

Johnny nodded. "I allowed you mightn't. Might want to rest, sort of." He regarded her a moment. "Doggone whistlin'. Let's us get married." He escaped from the rocker and stood before her. "I've been savin'. For a girl like you. We could get us a little car of our own." He warmed to the subject. "There's a peach of a Dodge roadster I can pick up. The motor's fine. Just get the brakes relined and the water pipe replaced, some better tires—"

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Singing Wringer

MY small daughter, who is of a domestic disposition, was turning the clothes wringer, singing energetically as she turned. Between two of the songs she looked up at me mischievously and said:

"Mother, you're pretty lucky! It isn't everybody can have a clothes wringer that sings songs for you as it wrings."—Mrs. Eugene Harper, 1137-B Fourteenth Street, Santa Monica, Calif.

Sacrificing His Future

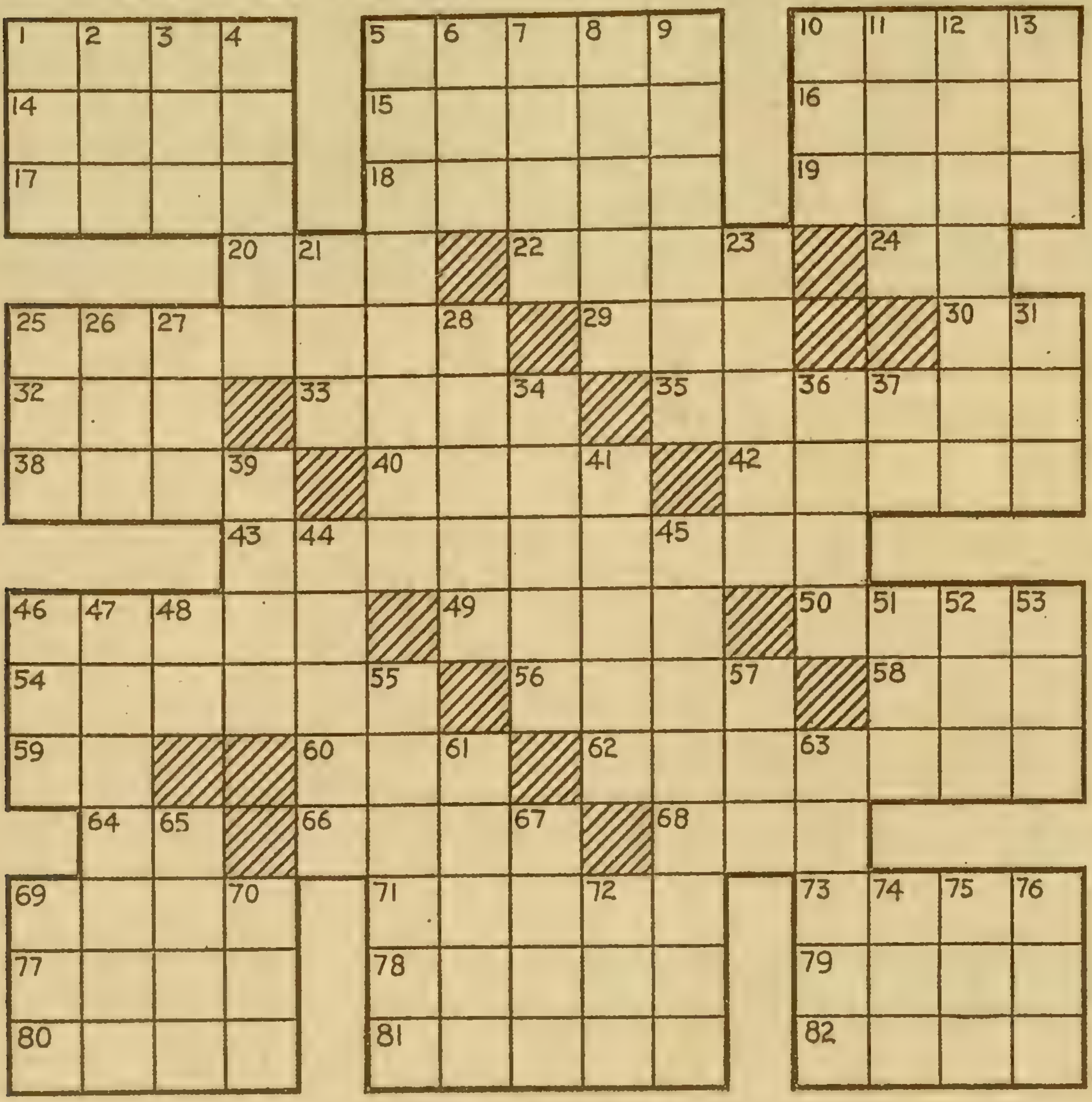
CHARLES had broken his top. His mother, hoping to teach him to be more careful of his toys, said:

"Well, son, I'm sorry you broke your new top. If you want it fixed I'm afraid I'll have to use the nine pennies you have in your bank."

"Oh, mother!" wailed Charles, "you know I've been saving those to go to college!"—Kathryn B. Weiss, 248 Peal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

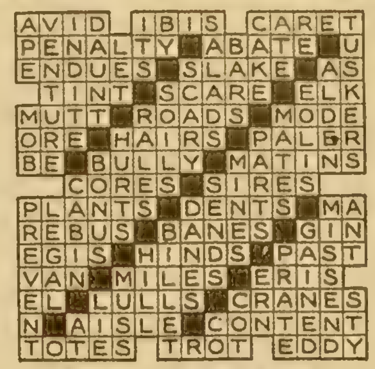
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 Artificial manners
5 Frolic
10 A former time
14 Discontinue
15 Void of sense
16 Mellow
17 Woman's name (abbr.)
18 South-American measure of length (plural)
19 State of bliss
20 Roumanian monetary unit (plural)
22 Agitate
24 Spanish definite article
25 Written challenges to combat
29 Compass point
30 Symbol in chemistry
32 Hasten
33 Eggs of a parasitic insect
35 To make trifling experiments
38 Notion
40 Ardent interest
42 Wharves
43 Most pleasing
46 Cardinal number
49 Line of juncture
50 Woman's name
54 Cooks
56 Protuberance of a lopped-off branch
58 Old money of account
59 Woman's name (abbr.)
60 Pronoun
62 Change of one word into another by transposing letters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ORE■HAIRS■PALER
BE■BULLY■MATINS
CORES■SIRES
PLANTS■DENTS■MA
REBUS■BANES■GIN
EGIS■HINDS■PAST
VAN■MILES■ERIS
EL■LULLS■CRANES
N■AISLE■CONTENT
TOTES TROT EDDY

Answer to last week's puzzle

64 Exist
66 A song
68 Always
69 Premium for exchange
71 A heron
73 Fastening device
77 Make one's self trim
78 Aromatic seed
79 Hideous
80 Perennial plant
81 Men
82 One of several flatfishes

VERTICAL

1 Request
2 A Negrito of the Philippines (variant)
3 To decay
4 A kind of wheat
5 Reclaim from a barbarous state
6 Coin of India (variant)
7 Perfect round of golf (plural)
8 Growing out
9 To strive against
10 Prefix: priority
11 Assistant to a military officer
12 Zinc
13 Cardinal number
21 Even (poetic)
23 Gathers
25 A Greek letter
26 To give assistance
27 A disease in hawks (variant)
28 Causes to remain after being marked for omission
31 Areas of 100 square meters
34 Satisfies to repletion
36 One twentieth of a grain
37 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
39 Mimics
41 Climbing plant
44 Plural of rete
45 Originates
46 Three (Italian)
47 One of the homage of a manor
48 Egyptian deity
51 And not
52 Man's name
53 Obstruct
55 Small river
57 Festive
61 Sign substituted for a signature
63 Class, as of animals
65 Mud
67 Seed covering
69 Appropriate
70 A weight of Turkey
72 Suffix: native of
74 Past
75 Evil
76 A lixivium

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Cough?

Don't just deaden it
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Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

A Minor Detail

(*Reading time: 5 min. 27 sec.*)

A Short Short Story

By LEIGHTON H. BLOOD

THE sheriff scowled from under bushy beetle brows at Trooper Sheehan.

"You troopers!" he snorted. "Regular pack of Sherlock Holmeses, ain't yuh? Always get your man, eh? Even if it's the wrong one, like this time."

Jack Sheehan, tall and rangy, thumbs hooked in pistol belt, hat cocked just a trifle over his right eye, smiled.

"I still want to book the prisoner," he said in a crisp, matter-of-fact voice that was not lost on the county officer. "The charge is *homicide*."

The sheriff eyed him for a moment and grunted.

"All right, trooper; it's your hard luck when he's sprung," he growled, reaching for a large, heavy book. "I hope he sues you for false arrest and then gets you fired."

Sheehan made no reply but turned to the prisoner.

"Give the sheriff your name," he ordered.

"I know his name an' all about him," interrupted the sheriff. "Ought to, hadn't I, Jim?" he addressed the snappily dressed man at Sheehan's side. "Been knowin' him since he was born."

For a minute the man at the desk wrote laboriously. Then he looked up with a grin. "What'll I put down for occupation, Jim? Retired! That's what I'll put down, Jim. Retired! You retired early, didn't you, Jim?"

The prisoner made an effort to laugh at the sally.

"Never mind, Jim," the sheriff said; "you won't be boardin' with me long."

His prisoner booked, Sheehan proceeded to search him. The pockets revealed penknife, handkerchief, keys, cigarettes, matches, and the common articles any man might carry.

"Put them back in your pockets—except the knife and cigarettes," he ordered.

The prisoner obeyed, and at last spoke. "How about the smokes, officer?" he asked in a plaintive, wheedling voice.

"No," Sheehan said bluntly, and picked up the match box and idly opened it. The box was nearly full. "There's your matches, but no cigarettes."

The prisoner nodded and was led away. Sheehan seated himself and lighted a cigarette.

"Wouldn't let poor Jim have his smokes, and here you are lightin' up and takin' it easy," the sheriff said scornfully. "Ain't you got no clues to run down, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

Jack Sheehan grinned. "Sure. Just one. A minor detail."

"Well, why don't you go run it down?"

"I will in good time," answered Sheehan.

The door from the street opened and in walked a brisk young man.

"I've charged Jim Rawl with murder, Mr. District Attorney," Sheehan said, getting up from his chair.

"He only picked up Jim 'cause he more or less lives by his wits," the sheriff said to the room in general. There was no love lost on a District Attorney who called in the state police.

"What have you got on him?" demanded the other, ignoring the remark.

"Rawl knew Chuck Owen had just sold that land at Lake Squantum and was coming back from New York with twelve thousand dollars down payment. The Edwardsville bank was closed and Owen couldn't deposit the money until the next morning. He admits he was riding by Owen's place—because others saw him out there. Lately Rawl has lost plenty as a bookmaker and needed money bad. Owen was plugged with a thirty-eight as he let himself into the house. I've the gun, but the number has been filed off. No fingerprints."

"Not much—no witness; only a hunch, it seems to me," snapped the District Attorney.

The trooper's features drew into a slight frown.

"Not quite all," he replied. "Jim Rawl borrowed ten grand from a rumrunner some time back and had until next Monday to pay, or else—"

"Be put on the spot," finished the prosecutor.

"No one else in Edwardsville had ten thousand dollars in cash, or would loan Rawl ten cents," Sheehan went on. "The bootlegger has been paid. Found that out by the grapevine this morning."

"Still not so good," said the District Attorney, fingering a close-cropped mustache.

SHEEHAN unbuttoned the pocket of his shirt and pulled out an envelope.

"As near as I can figure, the man who killed Chuck Owen waited in Owen's house an hour," Sheehan said slowly. "He didn't dare smoke, for that would give him away when Owen opened the door. The old man didn't use tobacco. So to steady his nerves the murderer used something else."

"What?" demanded the District Attorney.

"Suppose you keep this envelope—still sealed—and have Jim Rawl brought out from his cell," suggested Sheehan.

"All right," decided the prosecutor after a moment.

Sheehan followed the sheriff through the barred door and was not with the officer when he returned with Rawl. He reappeared after a minute, pulled out a pack of cigarettes, and gave one to Jim Rawl. The prisoner lighted up, his face a mask, and, when Sheehan asked him for a match to light his own cigarette, passed the box.

"Well?" demanded the District Attorney, somewhat irritated, to the delight of the sheriff.

"Rawl here," Sheehan said quietly, "smokes most of the time. Chuck Owen was a little late getting home and Rawl didn't dare to light up. Instead he started to chew. You'll notice one of his dog teeth is broken off and sharp. All around where he stood while waiting for Owen, I found what is in that envelope you have in your hand."

The District Attorney opened the envelope and dumped into his left hand eight matches.

"Exhibit One," Sheehan said grimly. "Exhibit Two I just found. Rawl has been in that cell about forty minutes without a smoke. I found seven matches in just the same condition on the cell floor."

The District Attorney and the sheriff were staring at the match ends, chewed in the same peculiar way as those picked up in the Owen house.

Jim Rawl did not look at the evidence for more than a second. He turned for the door in one quick leap.

Sheehan's right foot slid out and the gambler fell sprawling. "Just a little detail you forgot, Jim," he said.

Liberty offers $100 to $500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Diana's DIARY

Wherein She Runs Away from Money and Rushes Into Matrimony

Words and Pictures by BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 6 minutes 31 seconds.)

SUNDAY: Well, I've just returned from Southampton after being exhibited to David's mother, father and the rest of the Ritzy gang. Honestly, if I'd've traipsed in in nothing but Ghandi's plus fours and a pink berret, I couldn't've been more popular.

"What's the matter?" my millionaire boy friend asks me, seeing I'm a bit scrambled.

"Nothing," I says. "I—er—"

Just then the conversation was interrupted by his mother butting in. After sending him on some fool errand, she says to me,

"Miss McCoy, David tells me that you are a very interesting young lady."

"That's a lot of apple gravy," I pops off without thinking.

"Apple gravy?" she asks, looking rather blank.

"Why—er—I mean that's very kind of you. Thanks."

How I managed to climb out of that one without losing my rep, I really don't know. I *did* know that if I didn't put the slang in camphor, I'd probably be streeted before long. However, I did manage to hold her attention long enough to get the low-down on any matrimonial possibilities for the future. We talked about this, that and the other thing and of course the conversation got personal. By some finagling I found out that David would soon inherit the Manton millions which were nothing to be sneezed at. As near as I could figure, his old gent had six bucks for each chink in China.

"It's our wish," Mrs. Manton goes on, "that David will very shortly marry Gloria Van Bexel and settle down. David's father is *very set* in his ideas and he insists that David marry Miss Van Bexel."

"But what if he *refuses* to marry her—what then?"

"In that case, his father would disinherit him!"

Well, you could've knocked me over with an ironing board, I was that surprized. Here was I all set to percolate in high society when along comes a fast one like this. Tears welled in my eyes and it was only by mere accident that I didn't go into hysterics. There was only one thing left for me to do and that was to ease myself out before I fell apart. I quietly got my things and sneaked out by way of the rear terrace.

"Do you mind driving me to the station?" I asks a driver standing beside a shiny limousine.

"No ma'm," he answers politely. "If it's the city train you want, we can just about make it."

"Hop to it," I says. "I must catch it!"

All the way to New York I kept thinking what a fool I was to've acted like that, but I simply couldn't help it. All I kept thinking was why, oh why did I ever fall in love with a society boy. There was that Van Bexel dame out in front, and as for me, I was nowheres. As soon as I reached the Penn station, I grabbed the nearest cab I could find and started home.

About half way home, the cream separator I was riding in began falling apart, and the first thing I know, it passes out completely. The egg that's running the thing begins cursing and hollering and starts taking the hack apart.

"Hey, wait a minute," I interrupts, lowering what's left of my eyebrows. "If you think I'm going to sit here while you rebuild this trap, you're crazy!"

"What's biting you Lady?" he asks. "I'll get you there in a jiffy."

"Jiffy my eye!" I throws at him sarcastically. "You've been fifteen minutes getting me this far and we're not half way there yet."

"Whatyer think this is, an areoplane?" he sneers.

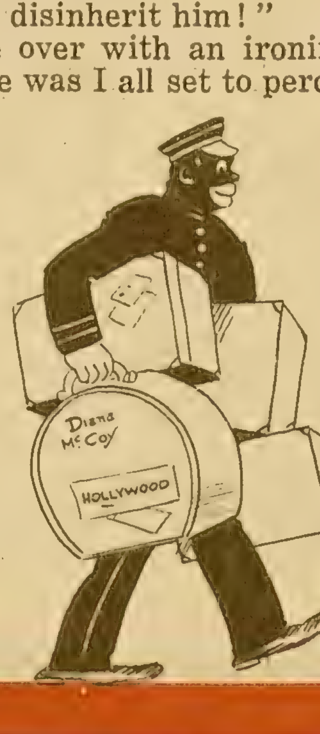
Well Diary, I was in no fit mood to argue. I was just about to step out of the darned thing when the motor started. A moment later, he threw it in high and so help me Harvard, I thought my last day had come. Phew! the way that goof raced through traffic, dodging cars, trucks, pushcarts and guys with whiskers, was something terrible.

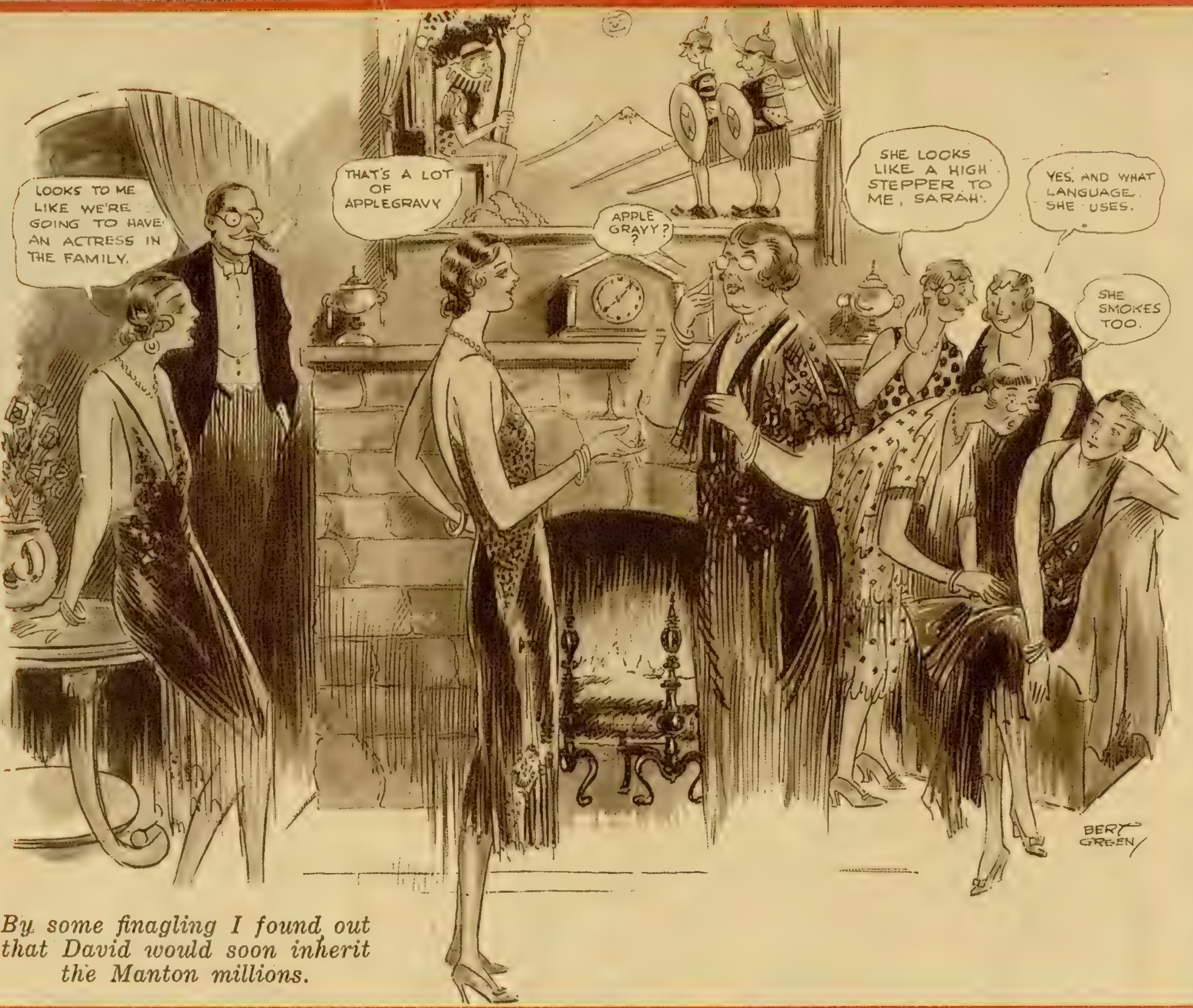
"If you think this trap can't go," he hollers, ducking in and out of L pillars, "you're crazy!"

Just then he turned a corner, skidded on some juicy pavement and the next moment the mouse-trap was sticking right smack in the middle of a grocery store. As for *me*, I was surrounded with cereal, bars of soap, canned fruit, herring and what not.

"It's all your fault," he roars, pulling choice bits of windshield out of his chin. "If it hadn't been for youse beefin' for speed, we wouldn't be in this dump."

What a party! In about fifteen minutes the front of the store looked for all the




LOOKS TO ME LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE AN ACTRESS IN THE FAMILY.
THAT'S A LOT OF APPLEGRAVY
APPLE GRAVY? ?
SHE LOOKS LIKE A HIGH STEPPER TO ME, SARAH.
YES, AND WHAT LANGUAGE SHE USES.
SHE SMOKES TOO.
BERT GREEN

By some finagling I found out that David would soon inherit the Manton millions.

world like the entrance to Madison Square the night Schmelling smeared Walker.

When the police got through questioning me, I drove direct to Marion's apartment and went to bed. Poor Marion thought I'd been killed.

MONDAY: At 9 P. M. I was just about to leave Marion's when the doorbell rang. There stood David.

"For Heaven's sake Diana, I've been searching high and low for you. Are you injured?" he asked in great alarm.

"What's it to you if I am?" I demands, trying to be angry.

"Don't be like that sweetheart. It's everything to me."

"I wish you would let me alone David. Everything's off between us—and that's that."

"I won't *let* it be off between us," he insists, coming closer.

"Why not face facts as they are?" I asks, backing away from him.

"I love you, and that's fact enough. I want to marry you."

"Don't be silly," I says, raising my voice. "If you persist in wanting to marry me, you'll forfeit *everything*, don't you understand? Your mother told me so. You go back and wed your society girl and I'll attend to my own affairs."

Instead of being mad as I thought he'd be, he only looked down at me and smiled.

"Do you really mean that?" he asks with much concern.

"I certainly do and the sooner the better," I throws back with veiled sarcasm.

"All right," he says, "I'll do as you request, *provided* you'll do one last thing for *me*."

"What's that?" I questions, wondering what's coming.

"I want you to go on a party."

Now I ask you Diary, what the heck are you going to do with a man like that? Here I've been on the verge of suicide and he asks me to go on a *party!* Anyhow, one word borrowed another and before I knew it, we were in his car.

Some time later he pulled up to some little dark shack in an alley and rang the doorbell.

"I'm Mr. Manton, the party that phoned," he says to an oldish woman who answered the door.

Well, we no sooner got into the room than out comes an old guy that looked as though he was head man in the House of David. He had a bible in his left hand. He opened it and walked directly toward us.

"Do you take this woman for your lawful wedded wife?" he asks, staring at David.

"I do," David replies.

And before I knew it I was married!! Whata man!

J P MANTON
SOUTHAMPTON L I
WILLINGLY FORFEIT MY INHERITANCE STOP DIANA AND I ARE MARRIED DAVID

WEDNESDAY: (Nothing).

THURSDAY: (Nothing).

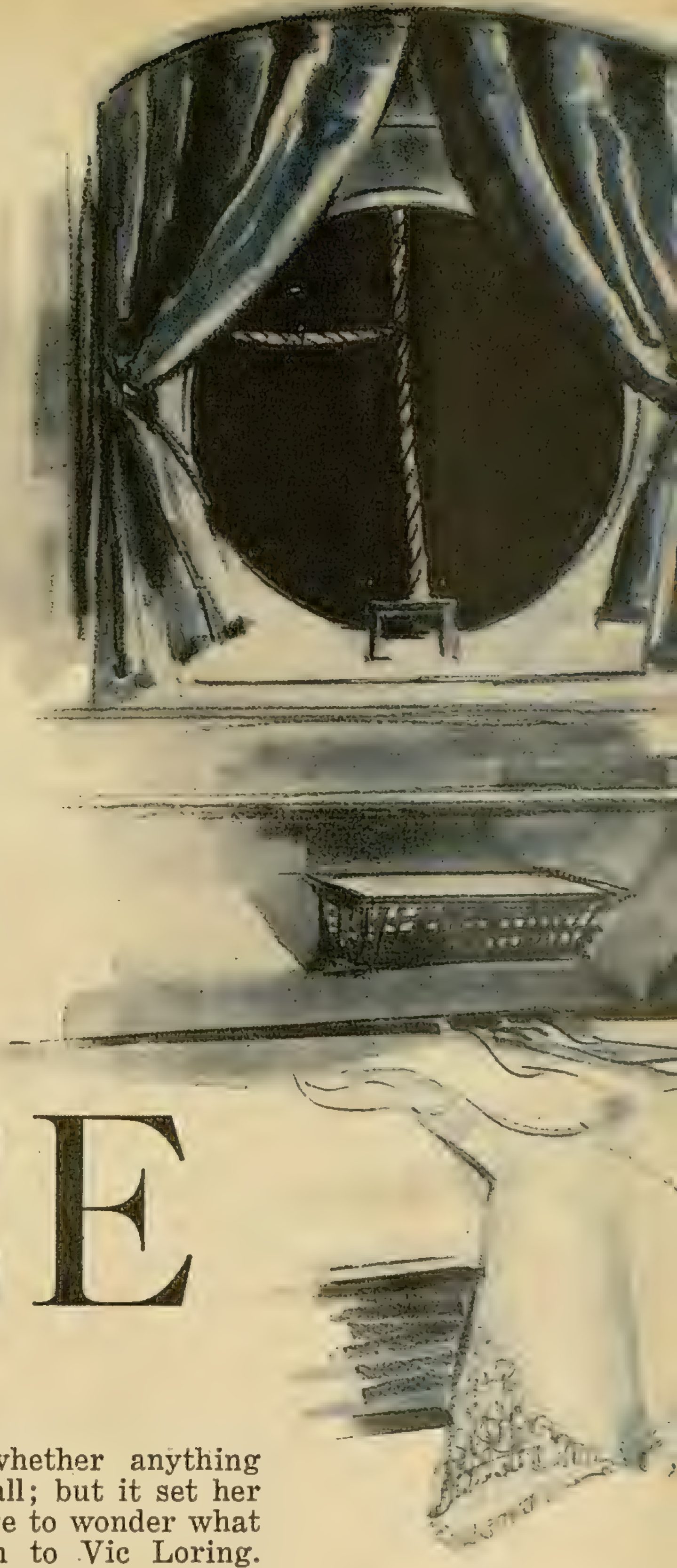
FRIDAY: (Nothing).

MR AND MRS DAVID MANTON
MARLBORO BLENHEIM
ATLANTIC CITY N J
THERE IS NO INHERITANCE STOP FORTUNE COMPLETELY WIPED OUT BY DEPRESSION LOVE TO YOU BOTH FATHER

THE END

• *The Lights on Long Beach—Sim Goes into Action—Grendel Leaves the Ship—Girl Overboard*

Three Men at Once



(Reading time: 25 minutes 45 seconds.)

Part Five—Conclusion

IT had been a queer party last night—the sort of thing that could happen only on shipboard. Beulah and Vic had met Hal at the bar, and while Vic and Hal were getting acquainted George Grendel had turned up—and stared in consternation at a friend of Stannard's talking to a Federal Attorney. Vic had met the situation with tact; only a "How do you do, Mr.—Garrison? I hear you're going home on Monday. Mr. Latimer, this is Mr. Garrison—another of Beulah's friends from back home." And a moment later all four were having a round of drinks.

After that the Galts and Stearnses had drifted in—and they'd all ended at one big table in the night club, dancing till half past four this morning: a Federal Attorney and a fugitive from federal justice; the principal of the Thornburg High School and a couple of smooth Manhattan women; Beulah Malotte and the three men who had begun to make love to her.

But champagne and perfect dance music were the best of lubricants, and Vic's arrival had relaxed the tension that whipsawed her between George and Hal. Nobody had tried to make love to her; all three of them had strolled with her to her stateroom door when the party at last broke up, and she'd kissed them all good night like a sister.

But tonight would be different—the last night of the cruise, when the desert-island mood of shipboard would rise to the tension of a desert island the night before you were to be rescued, to scatter and go back to your normal lives; the night when anything that was going to happen must happen now or never. She wasn't much worried about what might happen to her; she didn't much care whether anything happened at all; but it set her nerves on edge to wonder what might happen to Vic Loring.

For Madge Galt had taken possession of him last night—Madge with her lacquery hair and lacquery manner, the sort of woman he'd never met before. It wouldn't matter, thought Beulah furiously, if he knew what he was doing or how to take care of himself. But a boy from Thornburg, a school-teacher who had never learned the technique of flirtation—he'd find himself hopelessly beyond his depth if he didn't take care.

Restless, she went to her stateroom, put on her bathing suit. A plunge might soothe her nerves and she supposed the rest of her crowd were still asleep. But when she came to the pool, there was Vic with Madge Galt—sitting on a bench, in wet bathing suits, watching a man who was doing fancy dives from the balcony: a bull-necked man with broad shoulders, in a suit striped brown and yellow. For an instant Beulah watched him too; he could do tricks she had never mastered. Then he gave it up, joined a slim shifty man at one of the tables on the balcony.

"Hello, Beulah!" said Madge, poisonously amiable. "The pool's lovely this morning. You'll find Vic and me in the bar when you've had enough."

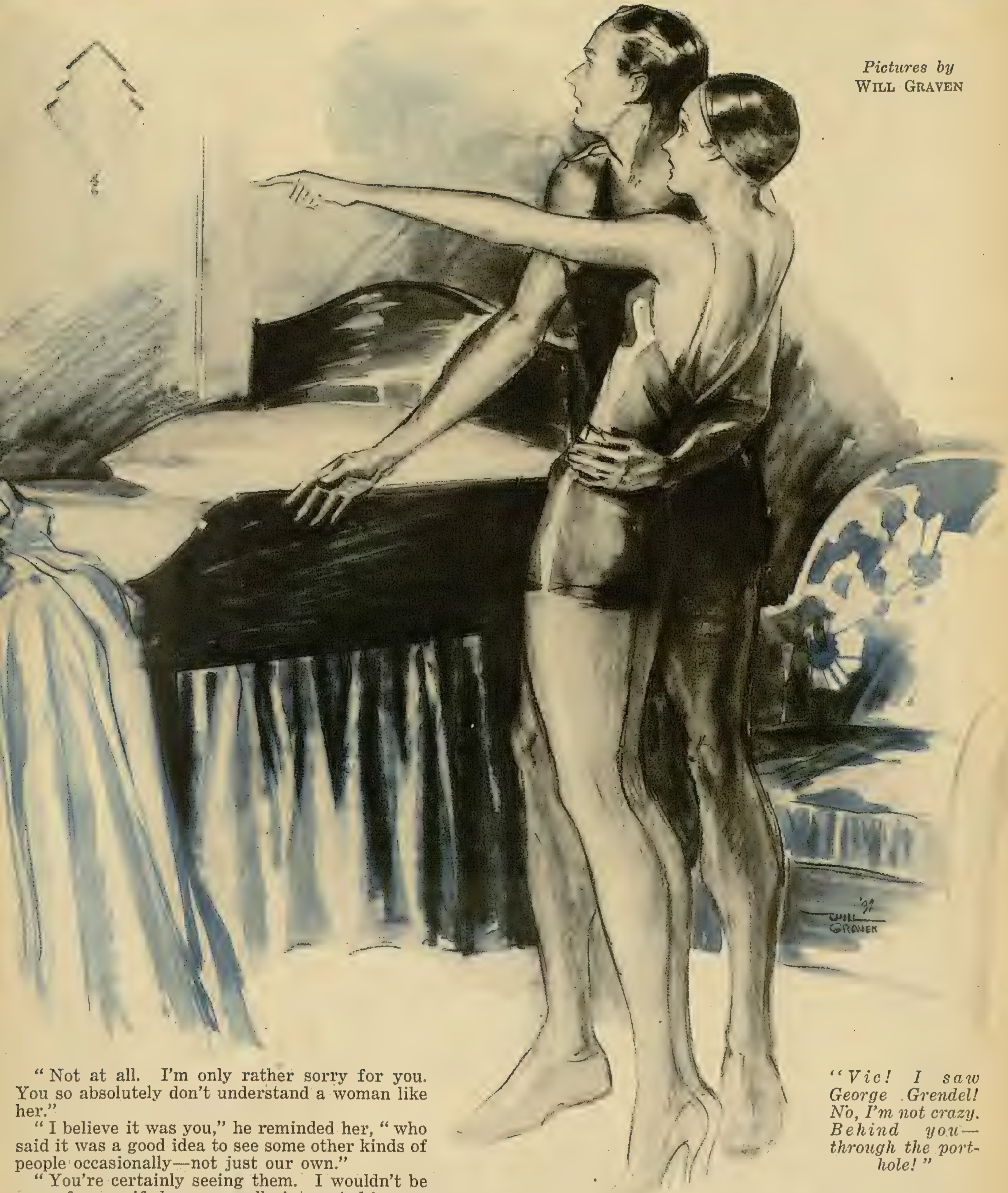
She drifted off to her dressing room. But Vic lingered, studying Beulah. He'd never seen that look in her eyes before.

"Vic—I'm sorry I said that about Miss Matilda last night. My reputation would be perfectly safe if she could see you amusing Madge Galt."

"Oh! Do you object to my being decent to her?"

By ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by WILL GRAVEN



"Vic! I saw George Grendel! No, I'm not crazy. Behind you—through the porthole!"

"Not at all. I'm only rather sorry for you. You so absolutely don't understand a woman like her."

"I believe it was you," he reminded her, "who said it was a good idea to see some other kinds of people occasionally—not just our own."

"You're certainly seeing them. I wouldn't be sorry for you if she were really interested in you. But it's me she's interested in. Trying to get even with me for—for diverting Hal Latimer's interest."

"I'd noticed that Latimer was interested," he said dryly. "Give the girl a break, Beulah. Let her have somebody."

"Oh, very well! If her husband doesn't mind I don't."

She dived into the pool; but it took a good deal of swimming—hard swimming—to quiet her nerves, and when she came out she had a drink by herself on the balcony. She didn't want to go up to the bar and have to watch Vic sunning himself fatuously in Madge's lacquery smile.

That afternoon was something of a blur, though she drank little. Their crowd reassembled—that oddly assorted crowd that pivoted around her—for the afternoon dance in the lounge, and stayed together till time to dress for dinner; but she couldn't remember much that happened. Not till she was putting on her best evening gown of metallic silver tissue, making up her face with calculated moderation, reducing her turbulent fluff of red hair to order, did she tell herself that she had to snap out of it. This was her last night on shipboard—the last time, perhaps, that she'd ever be with this kind of people; the last time she might ever see champagne. She was going to drink as much as she wanted, and if she got drunk she didn't care—she wouldn't have to look at Vic and that woman.

THREE o'clock in the morning. The Athena was steaming slowly along the Long Island shore, her tall black sides dotted with sparse pin pricks of golden light where people who had remembered that they would have to go to the office in the morning were going to bed. Here and there in the corridors lounged stewards, sleepy and sullen, who had to stay up all night, and get this bunch of drunks ashore in the morning, and then get ready for the transatlantic passengers who would come aboard this afternoon.

But the night club blazed with light, shattered the silence with its clamor—wail of saxophones and thud of drums, the whistles and rattles of a carnival night, shrill talk and shrieking laughter. Dancing couples—paper-capped, draped with paper ribbons—crowded the floor, coagulated in slow-moving masses. Collars and shirt fronts wilted, bare backs and shoulders were pink and moist; but they danced on.

At a table beside the dancing floor sat five men and three women—a party that seemed to focus in the flushed, bright-eyed woman with a crown of silver paper on her ruddy hair, silver straps crossed over her ivory-brown back. A woman who danced insatiably, because dancing was a safety valve, and came back to the table to find that somebody had always refilled her champagne glass.

"Five past three," Willard Stearns announced. "And I've got to practice some law before lunch. I'm going to bed. Coming, Sara?"

As she rose she bumped Henry Galt, dozing in his chair. He stirred; slumped back, snoring.

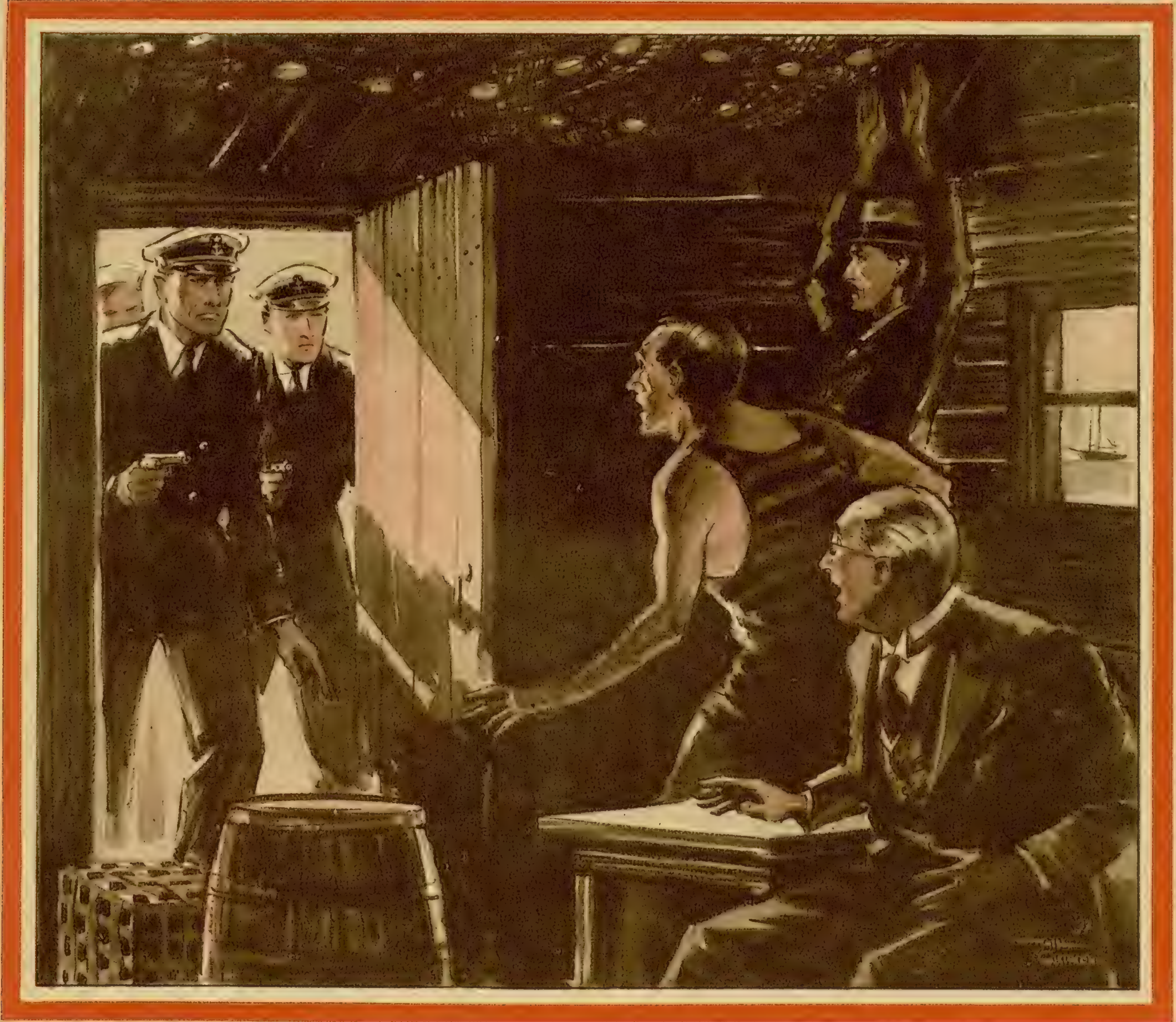
His wife looked at him with bored distaste. "Somebody help me put him to bed," she said. "But I'm coming back."

Vic Loring jumped up to help her. Latimer half rose, then subsided. George Grendel turned to Beulah.

"Let's take a turn around the deck. I need air."

Two minutes later she was pacing the empty deck, her eyes a little blurred, her feet a little unsteady, her hand in George Grendel's arm. Through the haze a distant light flashed, swung round, flashed again.

"Fire Island," he said. "But they'll just loaf along to Ambrose Channel. However, I'm going to turn in.



"They rounded up Grendel and his kidnapers in a shack on the bay."

Don't you think you'd better?"

"Feeling fatherly?" she asked him acridly.

"You know I'm not! But—hell, I'm too old even if I wasn't going to jail. Loring's the right age for you—"

"Loring?" She laughed. "He doesn't even know I'm among those present."

"Don't be a fool. When you've got this—this mad brilliance—and it isn't all champagne, either. If I was twenty years younger, jail or no jail— But as it is," he finished, "I'm going to tell you good-by."

He kissed her. She clung to him. Vic was off with Madge; she was grateful to a man who wanted her. But he put her away.

"I almost forgot," he said thickly, "that you—you didn't mean that for me. But I hope the recording angel will remember that I remembered. It might offset what I did to the bank." They went in, silent. "Better turn in," he warned her at the door of the night club. "You aren't used to this sort of thing." But she shook her head; she had seen that Vic and Madge had rejoined Latimer, and she was going to be there too.

MORE dances, more wine. Half an hour later she was strolling the deck with Hal. Far astern, the Fire Island light flung its revolving beam. She felt her head clearing in the chill salt air.

"Let's go in," she suggested, shivering. "I'm cold."

"And you're afraid Madge is getting warmer?" he said dryly. "Don't worry. She doesn't mean anything."

"I know that—but he doesn't. Not that I care," she explained. "But he's my kind of people. It makes me sick to see him making such a show of himself."

He laughed. "Beulah, Beulah! When I first met you I thought you were a woman of extreme subtlety. But you're only a child of nature, after all."

She wished she were. Then it wouldn't matter that she was with the wrong man.

"Ten of five," said Latimer. "We'll have time for another quart."

Beulah's blurred eyes looked around at a dancing floor littered with paper caps, whistles, rattles, exploded toy balloons; at empty tables strewn with overturned glasses. All but two or three parties had gone to bed. Waiters stood about, bored and sleepy; but the untiring orchestra played on. She took out her compact, looked at her flushed face, disordered hair. She was hot and tired and sleepy, but she wouldn't go to bed—not while Vic and that woman were still up and around. She saw Latimer looking at her thoughtfully.

"Let's all take a turn on deck," he said.

"Just to look at the lights of Coney?" said Madge.

"Long Beach," he corrected. "We respect the twelve-mile limit. The

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Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some such imitations sound like Ex-Lax. But there is only one *genuine* Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

"I know that —

a clear skin — pep — and sturdy health attract men"

and by the same token women admire the opposite sex

YOU cannot ever fool your friends—much less change the law of Nature, which has provided in her great plan, literally billions of tiny red-blood-cells with their hemo-glo-bin content that cruise thru the blood and carry life-giving, health-giving oxygen from the air we breathe to every body tissue—*even to the skin.* Just let these cells break down and lose their hemo-glo-bin and see what happens—paleness, pimples, boils, listlessness, loss of appetite, fatigue, headache and perhaps mental depression may result. *Why not correct this condition in a sound, reasonable way?*

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Remember this—without hemo-glo-bin the food you eat is valueless. It passes thru the system without doing you any good. Why not try S.S.S. yourself—it may be the very means of bringing *better* health and *more* happiness to you.

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S.S.S. builds sturdy health

ship stopped twelve miles off Ambrose Channel—and two miles offshore."

"I'll stay here," Madge decided. "Vic, I'm afraid I can't give you so good a champagne tomorrow evening. Yes, Vic's coming to dinner with me tomorrow. Henry's going to be off at some conference—"

Suddenly Beulah was wide awake. She'd supposed he'd be taking the train home tomorrow evening. Hal led Madge off to the dancing floor.

"Let's not dance, Vic," said Beulah. "Let's go out on deck."

The bright-lit deck was deserted; the ship lay motionless on a flat sea. Through the haze burned a row of blurred golden beads—the lights of Long Beach. Far to the northward the sky glowed with the reflected brilliance of New York streets. She shivered in the raw chill.

"Feel rotten?" he asked solicitously.

"Not at all. Whatever made you think so?"

"All night you've been—wound up; gay as I never saw you. But now—"

"I suppose I'm lit," she said. "Sorry if my abandon shocks you."

"I like it. But if you're going to feel rotten later—"

"You know perfectly well why I feel rotten. Because you're dining with that woman tomorrow. I thought you'd be going home with me."

"With you? But you're dining with Latimer! You told me so yourself not two hours ago, when we were dancing. Very gay, very airy about it—"

"Oh, I must have been lit! Vic, I'd forgotten all about that in my sober moments. I made the date before I knew you were aboard. Of course I'd have broken it."

He smiled at her curiously. "Are you asking me to break my date? I'm flattered, Beulah."

"I'd ask you—I'd beg you—if that was what mattered. But if you'd rather be with her than with me, I—I guess nothing matters."

"So now," he said, "you know how I felt when you told me you were going to let men pick you up. Beulah, it was rotten of me to torment you by fooling around with Madge. But I had to know how much you'd care—"

"Then you never meant it?" she gasped. "Oh, my dear! My dear—"

SHE was in his arms, dissolving under his kisses. Hal had never made her feel like this, nor George, nor any other man. This was real.

"Darling!" she panted at last. "Not here! Anybody might see us—"

With his arm around her he led her back into the lobby—empty but bright-lit. Not here, either. Beyond, the unwearied orchestra played on.

"Want to go back to the table?" he asked unsteadily.

"No! Those people don't matter. They—they aren't our kind."

"Then—" He looked at her flushed face, bright eyes, tumbled red hair. "My God, Beulah! I—I'd better take you home."

Arms linked, hands clasped, they went down the stairs, along an empty corridor. Gusts of laughter, the clank of glasses, from a cabin where the party was still going on; then silence—silence that shut them in together. They came to her door. She opened it—held it open for him to come in. He stood still, shivering uncontrollably.

"You—you know I want to," he said, choking. "But—we're both lit."

"I know." Her fingers twisted nervously. "Vic, I think the pool's open. Let's take a plunge. Meet me on the stairs when we've changed?"

. . . . .

A light snapped on in George Grendel's bedroom. Bull-necked Ernie shook the sleeper's shoulder.

"Huh?" Grendel sat up, blinking. "Time to get off?"

"For you it is. Put on your clothes, and a life belt."

"What's the matter?" He was wide awake now. "Ship sinking?"

"No; but you're sunk if you make any noise." Grendel blinked at the black nose of a gun. "Get into your clothes, now."

"What's happening?" Grendel demanded. "If Ed Bryant sent you—"

"Who's Ed Bryant?" said Ernie. "What's happening is that we're takin' you away, and it'll cost you some money to get yourself back again."

Kidnaping? But Grendel got up, began to dress; he didn't feel like arguing with that gun. Ernie shed his clothes, stood in a bathing suit striped brown and yellow. From the private deck slim Sim looked in.

"Ladder's ready," he reported, "and Mike's alongside. In a rowboat—probably left the speedboat back in the fog; it makes a lot of noise. Stick your clothes in the bag, Ernie, and I'll take it along."

"Take my rod too," said Ernie. "Now, big boy, you gotta go down a rope ladder—and don't say you can't."

. . . . .

She joined Vic on the stairs—limbs and shoulders shimmering ivory-brown in the lamplight, her hair a tumbled ruddy smolder. They descended, their bare feet silent on the rubber matting—and stopped at the door that led to the pool. It was closed, locked; behind it, the pool was dark and silent. They looked at each other; she burst into hysterical laughter.

"We tried, Vic! We—we did try—"

He picked her up—his arms around her waist and knees, her arm around his neck—and carried her up the stairs. Nobody was looking, but they didn't know that and didn't care; they had forgotten there was anybody else in the world. Up the stairs, down the passage. Her free hand reached out, opened the door, locked it behind them.

He set her down, shivering in the raw wind from the open porthole. The room was dim-lighted by the reading lamp at the head of her bed, littered with the clothes she'd worn tonight—her silver gown flung on the bed, stockings and underwear left where they fell, dancing sandals kicked across the floor.

"Beulah! You're sure it isn't the champagne, or the—the cruise?"

"Yes—I'm sure. I know I've acted like a fool, Vic. Looking for—excitement. But—drunk or sober, afloat or ashore, all I want is you—"

He caught her, kissed her. She went limp in his arms; her eyes were closing—

Suddenly they flew wide open. She stared past him in blank horror.

"Vic! I saw George Grendel! No, I'm not crazy—or drunk. Behind you—through the porthole! Going down a ladder—"

They knelt on the sofa, tried to peer out through the narrow porthole. A bit of rope ladder reflected the dim lamplight. Beyond that, haze and darkness. Beulah drew back, slumped down on the sofa in a daze.

"I did see him, Vic. What's happening?" He was still looking out.

"Another man just went down," he reported. "Ah!" He turned back. "Then the ladder was cast off—and the trick diver we saw in the pool went over the rail. What's happening is that our friend Grendel is making a getaway. I suppose the ship was watched at Halifax, and he knew it. But these fellows got him off. There must be a boat below. If he can get loose on Long Island—"

She sprang up, ran to the door. "Vic, we can't let him go! We must tell the captain—somebody—"

"Wait, Beulah. *We* don't dare tell anybody. What was I doing in your bedroom at five o'clock in the morning?"

Her face went white. "Of course! I never thought of that. Go back to your room, Vic. I'll tell somebody."

Her hand was on the door knob; he snatched it away.

"Wait—we've got to think this through. It's going to be a big story for the papers. Whoever saw these men would have to identify them on the witness stand, if they were caught. Do you recall that diver's face?"

"No, I don't. Only his bathing suit."

"There you are. I'd know him—the other man too. But I can't—"

"And they'd have arrested George," she said miserably, "if I'd let you report him." She went to the porthole, stared out. "Look!" she said. "Light glancing from an oar. They're rowing away. They could still be caught if— What does it matter if people know you were in my room? I—I suppose we're going to be married, aren't we?"

"Of course we're going to be married! Today—before we leave New York. But if people knew this back home it would take you years to live it down. You know it. I won't put a black mark on my wife."

"Black marks be damned! If we can catch the man I let get away—"

"It wouldn't do, Beulah. School-teachers are vulnerable. I hope you won't need your job after this, but I'll need mine. And I'd lose it if this story came out."

That was true. Almost naked, she shivered in the damp chill of dawn.

"Then what are we going to do?" she demanded. "Just let him go?"

"I don't see what else we can do."

They looked at each other—and flushed. The desire that had set them both aflame was gone now—quenched by this disaster.

"I—I'll leave you to get some sleep," he said uneasily. "But I'll stop in for you after breakfast—and that's the beginning of—of everything."

"We're beginning all wrong. If I hadn't believed George Grendel you'd have had him arrested—and got publicity, a boost in politics. You can't afford me, Vic. I've cost you too much already."

"Stop talking like that! You're worth more than anything! You belong to me, and in about three hours I'm coming back for you. Till then—"

She kissed him—gravely, without passion, as a wife might kiss a husband. When she was sure he was gone she tiptoed out, ran silently upstairs toward the deck. She hadn't appreciated Vic ashore—his tact, his easy adaptability, his quick mind that thought through things. He was going to be a big man; he'd need a wife who could take care of herself, who wasn't vulnerable. She had a big man, and she'd let him down.

And there was only one way to do it. He didn't dare identify the men who had taken George away. But if she could identify them—make it her story from start to finish— A rowboat couldn't have got very far away by now.

She came out on deck. Dawn had begun to glimmer through the curtain of haze. The ship was motionless in a flat sea. She went to the rail, looked down. It couldn't be more than two miles to that row of blurry lights on shore, and she'd often swum five. But it looked like eighty feet down to the water and she'd never dived more than forty. But if eighty feet was what she had to do—

She vaulted to the rail, stood poised a moment—sprang, and swooped down.

II

BELATED, yawning, Hal Latimer went down the gangplank. It was going to be a hot day in town, and a man who had to go to the office after three hours' sleep— To hell with week-end cruises! He'd started as a decoy duck for Madge and ended as a decoy duck for a cornfield school-teacher. In between he'd all but fallen in love with a woman who was crazy about another man and went off with him at five in the morning—and Latimer had no doubt where they had gone; Madge's embittered suggestions had been all too plausible.

He came to the heap of baggage on the pier, went down the alphabetic line till L was overhead. A hand fell on his shoulder.

"Latimer!" said Vic Loring. "Have you seen Beulah?"

"Of course I haven't seen her. Not since she went off with you."

"Latimer, she's gone! No, she's not asleep; I've been to her room. She never went to bed at all. And she isn't sick or—or drunk; I've seen the ship's doctor. And they've gone through every cabin, getting the crowd off. My God, if she could have taken what she'd done so hard that—"

"She probably packed and got off early," suggested Latimer, yawning.

"She didn't. I packed her clothes and brought them off. All but her bathing suit—she was wearing that when I last saw her."

"Getting ready to dive overside? She wasn't drunk enough for that, was she?"

"Dive overside?" said Vic slowly. "She might! When she saw George Grendel getting away—and it was her fault that I hadn't stopped him—"

"What's this?" said Latimer, with the crisp, authoritative directness of a prosecutor used to questioning incoherent witnesses. "George Grendel? Bank wrecker from the Middle West? Where does he come in? . . . I see—our friend Mr. Garrison! That explains— So Beulah believed his story, eh? . . . Yes—yes. A rope ladder? With two other men? Where were you when you saw that? . . . On deck?"

Vic Loring halted, looked hard at Latimer.

"All right, then!" he said. "I was in Beulah's room. Think what you like; it isn't true, but I haven't time to argue. I hope you'll be sportsman enough not to talk—but help me find her, anyway! If—if she did anything to herself because she thought she'd let me down—"

"I wouldn't worry," said Latimer dryly. "She's a dangerous woman—most dangerous when she's vulnerable. If she went overside, it was to follow that boat. She's a wonderful diver; she could easily swim to shore—"

"Then help me find her! If you liked her at all, if you appreciated what she was—I don't care a damn about George Grendel, but if she—"

"But I care several damns about him," said Latimer. "I'm a federal prosecutor. And if I can put this thing over—" That appointment he had coveted, and couldn't get, might come to him at last. "All right, Loring. We'll get to work—tell the captain, trace Grendel's connections on shipboard, look over the record of phone calls to shore. And I'll get the Coast Guard busy all along the shore—"

"Looking for her?" said Vic. "Tell me where to start and I'll be looking too. We were off Long Beach, weren't we? I can begin there—"

"Take your time," Latimer advised him. "We'll make some phone calls first."

Vic looked at him, haggard, wild-eyed. "You wouldn't take your time if she was your girl! Keep her name out of it if you can, but tell me where I can start looking for her!"

"Don't worry," Latimer chuckled. "If I can, I'll keep both your names out of it. I want to find her, and I want to find Grendel, and I hope I can see that the newspapers mention only one name, and that all over the front page—Assistant District Attorney Harold Latimer!"

SHE pierced the water like a flung knife, went down, down. It seemed ages before she turned upward—her lungs felt like bursting—and then she popped out on the surface, exhaled, drew in the blessed fresh air. She looked back at the ship—silent, the decks empty. Nobody had seen her; she had this affair in her own hands now, to win or lose. Off in the haze she heard the faint splash of an oar. As fast as she could she swam toward it—and then came the deep hum of a speedboat.

She hadn't counted on that. A speedboat would be ashore before she could swim two hundred yards. She could go back to the ship, call for help till a sailor on watch heard her— But she'd started this and she meant to finish it. Daylight was coming fast now. Ahead she could see a white fan of spray tossed from the bows of the speedboat. If she could follow that, see where they landed— More slowly, now, she swam in its wake; and the white flash turned eastward, down the shore.

She hadn't counted on that, either. A few minutes and the fan of spray would be out of sight. But she followed grimly, past the long row of boardwalk lights that were winking out, past the great silent clubhouse, along an endless shore of sand dunes all alike. The white flash had almost vanished—and then, far away, it turned shoreward, disappeared!

But she kept on—and saw, at last a break in the coast line ahead—an inlet with sandy shores beyond. There the speedboat must have turned in—and by now it might be lost in the inland waters miles away.

Now George Grendel was lost somewhere in the maze of islands she could see through the inlet. She'd have to come ashore exhausted, half frozen, on a deserted beach—if she could get ashore at all. She was tiring with every stroke; even the half mile or so to the white line of surf might be more than she could manage. She was too tired and cold to risk floating, for a rest. She had to go on—had to go on, her mind repeated monotonously with every stroke that came more slowly; had to go on, because somewhere Vic would be waiting for her.

The breakers were close ahead now. She gathered her last strength, watched her chance, rode in on a roller. It flung her headlong on the beach. On hands and knees she crawled beyond reach of the surf, and fell sprawled out, utterly exhausted. She rolled over, flung her arm across her eyes, and fell instantly asleep.

LATIMER turned back from the telephone, grinning. "She's all right, Loring. A Coast Guard patrol found her asleep on the beach an hour ago, down near Jones Inlet. That's miles from where the ship stopped—she must have done some swimming! But she's all right. They've got her at the Coast Guard station down there, filling up with coffee and ham and eggs. Apparently she put them on the trail of Grendel's boat, too. The first thing she said when they woke her up was that they must tell a man named Vic Loring not to worry about her."

"Latimer, how can I get to her quickest?"

"I don't know; but you can call her up. Wait till I find the number of that station."

Five minutes later Vic heard her voice. "Oh, darling—" was all that she could say.

"Beulah! Beulah! How can I get down there?"

"You don't need to; they're bringing me to town in a car. Coast Guard headquarters down at the Battery. I'll be there in an hour. And, Vic—can you get my clothes? The Coast Guard people have lent me a sweater and a pair of overalls, but I'd rather not be married in that!" . . .

In the bare room where he waited, their baggage piled around him, she came to him, alone—grotesque in baggy overalls turned up from her bare ankles, a man's sweater that hung halfway to her knees. They clung together, unable to speak for long minutes.

"Darling, I was such a fool!" she sighed. "It was bad enough to let him get away in the first place. But to give you all this worry— If I'd been sober I'd have known I could never run him down."

"Grendel? But the Coast Guard ran him down, thanks to your tip. The report came in ten minutes ago. They looked for the speedboat, and rounded up Grendel and his kidnapers in a shack on the bay—"

"Kidnapers? Then he told me the truth, after all!"

"Apparently. And he's mad clear through. Seems to think one of Parr's men did this to keep him from talking. He'll talk now, I guess—and get off with a suspended sentence; and Stannard will get Parr, maybe the Governor—because you had the guts to go overboard and follow through."

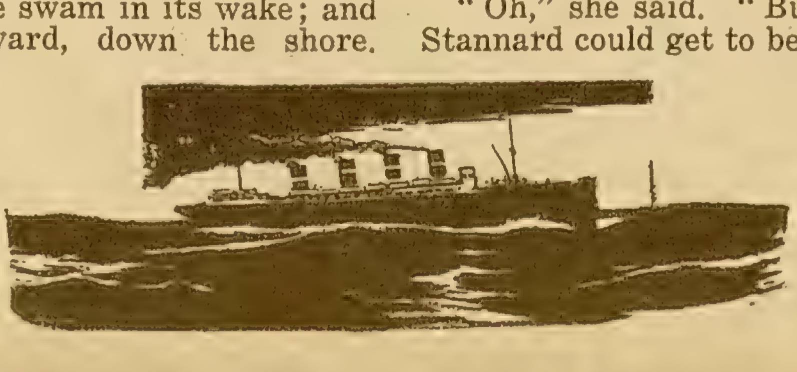
"Oh! And where do we come in, Vic?"

"We don't come in at all—thanks to Latimer. He's getting something out of this, too. With Grendel talking, he thinks he can fix it so you and I will never have to tell our story at all."

"Oh," she said. "But I didn't go overboard so that Stannard could get to be Governor, or Hal Latimer could put over something big. I went over so that you could get credit with Stannard, a boost in politics—"

"I won't need that boost, with a wife like you to help me."

THE END

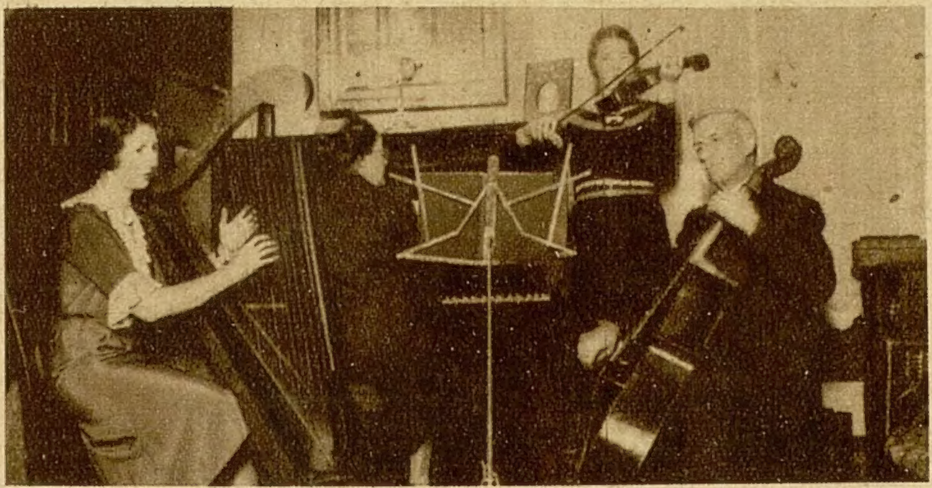


$5,000 IN CASH PRIZES FOR SNAPSHOTS

Depicting HOME-LIFE SCENES

51 CASH AWARDS This Week

for
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS



(Above) Even the goldfish make a prize-winning snapshot target.

●

(Center) In music this home finds rest and entertainment.

●

(Upper left) A few good tools fill stormy days with happy hours.

THIS week Liberty again offers fifty-one cash awards ranging from $100 downward for the best home-life snapshots submitted by amateur photographers up to and including Monday, December 19. Also, each entry submitted will be in line for one of the five Grand Prizes of $200 each. Now, when every home is the center of additional activities connected with the holidays, you should be able to submit a prize-worthy entry even though you may not have won in earlier weeks of the contest. This may be the week you will win big money if you enter.

On this page are reproduced some of last year's winners. They may serve to focus your attention on a snapshot subject in or about your own home. Why not submit one or more prints this week? You may win first money!

The rules tell how, when, and where to enter.

Now about the Grand Prizes. At the finish every entry, regardless of whether it has won a weekly prize, will be placed in the Grand Prize classification under which it falls and will be judged from this new viewpoint. The Grand Prizes are apart from, and additional to, any and all weekly prizes.

This week's contest closes Monday, December 19.

Advertisement

Over 1000
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To Entrants In The
LIBERTY HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of our many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain an entry blank from any local photo dealer whose PhotoFinishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

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CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE EACH WEEK

FIRST PRIZE	$100
TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10	100
FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5	200
WEEKLY TOTAL	$400
TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS	$4,000
GRAND PRIZES	
FIVE PRIZES, each $200	$1,000
TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID	$5,000

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

Ten Weekly Contests

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 9, 1932, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closed Monday, November 21, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including January 23, 1933, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, the best baby snapshot. Group B, the best pet snapshot. Group C, the best indoor snapshot. Group D, the best outdoor snapshot. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

To the LADIES!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

WHEN Europeans say, "She's a Pole," they mean the woman of whom they are speaking is superlatively chic and elegant. Because most of the Polish women who come to this country are farmers' wives, America has not yet discovered the national *stylishness* of Poland. But in Europe it is proverbial. As leaders of fashion, the women of Warsaw rank with those of Paris and Vienna.

Now Lilyan Tashman has come along to show us what Polish ladies really are like. Already her clothes and her talent for wearing them elegantly have become famous here. Well, Lilyan is a Pole—a typical lady of Warsaw, with the inborn style and grace that has long made Europe take off its hat in profound reverence.

I talked with Miss Tashman during her recent recovery from appendicitis. She was sitting up in bed, pale and beautiful. But was she languid? She was not.

Lilyan Tashman

"I don't deserve *any* sympathy," she said. "I am positive that I gave myself appendicitis by thinking so much about it. The idea of getting it has always terrified me. So of course I got it."

That's another point about Polish ladies: They're fatalists.

Lilyan Tashman has an amusing hobby. She collects miniature hands made of ivory, jade, glass, china, etc. Has thousands of them. They come from all over the world. Many of them are baby hands.

"Did you know," she said, "that all the miniature baby hands we have are made from an exact copy of Queen Victoria's hand?" I didn't know it, and thought it most peculiar.

The next time you see Lilyan Tashman on the screen notice the breadth of her face below the eyes, her fine throat, the smart set of her shoulders and arms. Those are *beauty points* for which Polish women are particularly distinguished.

A SUCCESSFUL middle-aged man of my acquaintance goes home every Christmas to the Mid-Western town where he was born. He does not have a good time there.

"I am terrible," he says. "I boast, I brag, I put on the high hat. Everyone hates me and I hate myself."

Why does he do it?

He was the youngest son in a large family. When they were children his brothers and sisters made him the butt of all their jokes. Of course he has forgiven them, but can he forget? Not entirely. His boasting, his braggadocio, these airs and poses that make his homecoming unpleasant—they are all instinctive defenses. After all these years he still feels obliged to defend himself against the others.

If you and your family are young at present, do not neglect to realize that the feelings you build up between one another now will in some way or other stay between you all your lives.

EVER heard of Dr. Bunzell? Dr. Herbert H. Bunzell? He's the man behind your bread. Dr. Bunzell tests flour, ovens, yeast, etc., for big bakeries all over the country. I found him in his New York laboratory. Samples of flour were being burned to ashes in platinum bowls. Dough was being mixed by mechanical hands, and its elasticity written down at the same time by a little automatic jigger. The flour must go through every trick to Dr. Bunzell's satisfaction or he won't let the bakers use it. And he rejects plenty of carloads.

From his laboratory oven he took three warm brown loaves. Nice and crusty. Smelled fine! "Most important of all," said he, "bread must have a good flavor."

I tasted his bread. Perfect. Now a bit of butter, doctor, and a little strawberry jam. The next time I interview Dr. Bunzell I shall go there good and hungry.

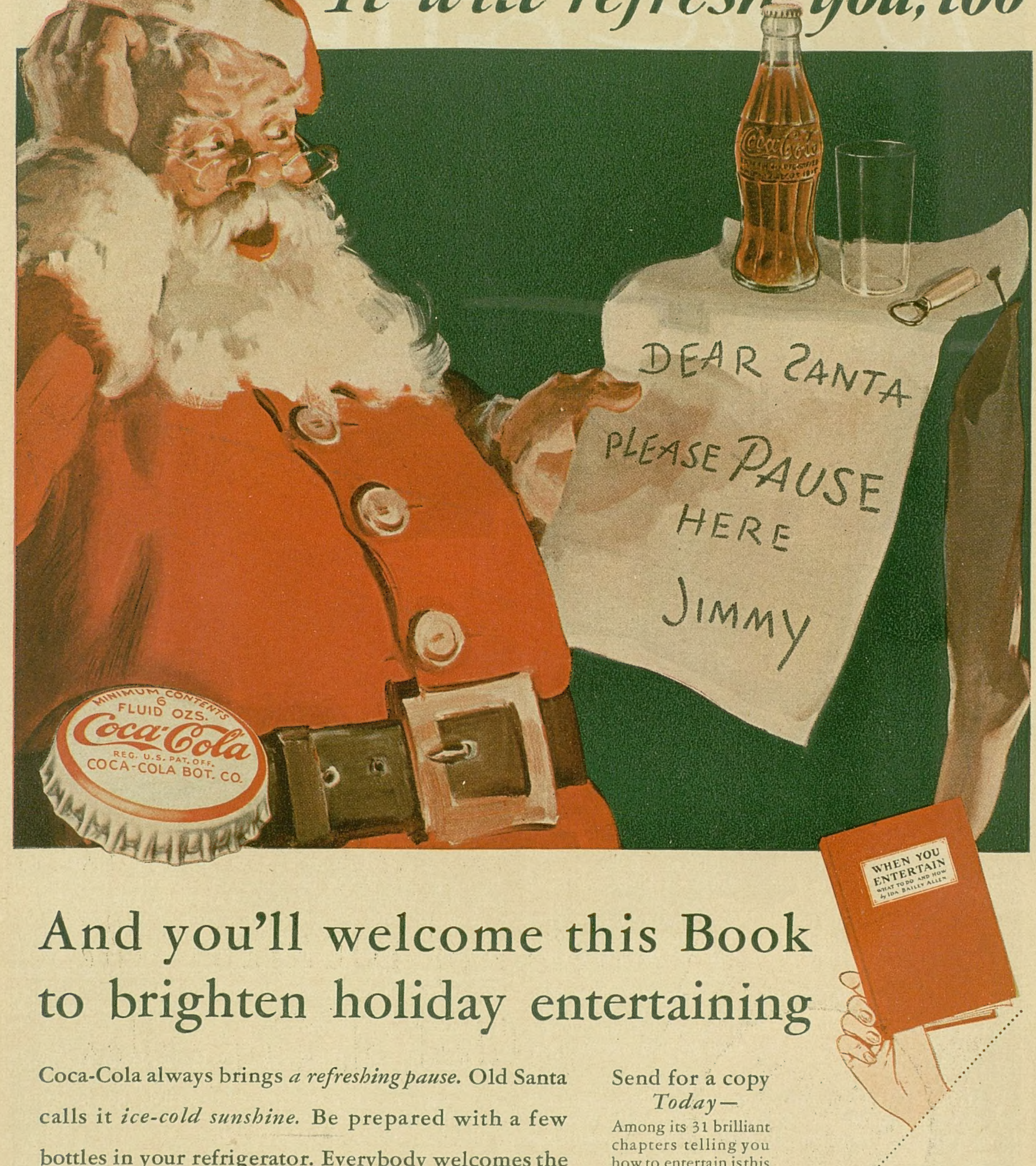
LOOKING at a collection of kimonos that a friend of mine brought home recently from Japan, I found the inside parts, *the parts that never show*, exquisitely finished and ornamented with delicate embroidery. The kimonos were not expensive ones. Some of them had been purchased from Japanese women of the working class who wore them as everyday garments. But in every case the inside was as beautifully made as the outside. Workmanship instead of showmanship.

You will find the same thing true of old jewelry and furniture. Experts who judge the authenticity of antique furniture always look to see if the insides of the drawers, and other places that do not show, are carefully finished. In the genuine old things they are. I wish we had more workmanship of this sort. It breeds more self-respect, I think, than showmanship.

THE Girl and Her Future, by Helen Hoerle, should be a helpful book for girls who are starting out as wage earners. It classifies and describes the opportunities offered by different businesses, trades, professions. (Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.)

THE *above-the-table* dress has won our favor definitely. You know the two-time dress with a dark skirt and a light top that can be hidden by a little bolero jacket. And you know the metallic cloth jacket worn over a dark dress. But perhaps you don't know the latest transformation trick from Paris; I think it is the best yet. A dark dress (preferably of velvet) is made gay for smart occasions by donning a sleeveless, hip-length, slipover jumper fashioned of gold or silver lace, the lace strips sewn together lengthwise. Use Irish crochet or guipure lace of two-inch or three-inch width. Square neck is smartest. You can make yourself one of these in a couple of hours and for very little money.

It will refresh you, too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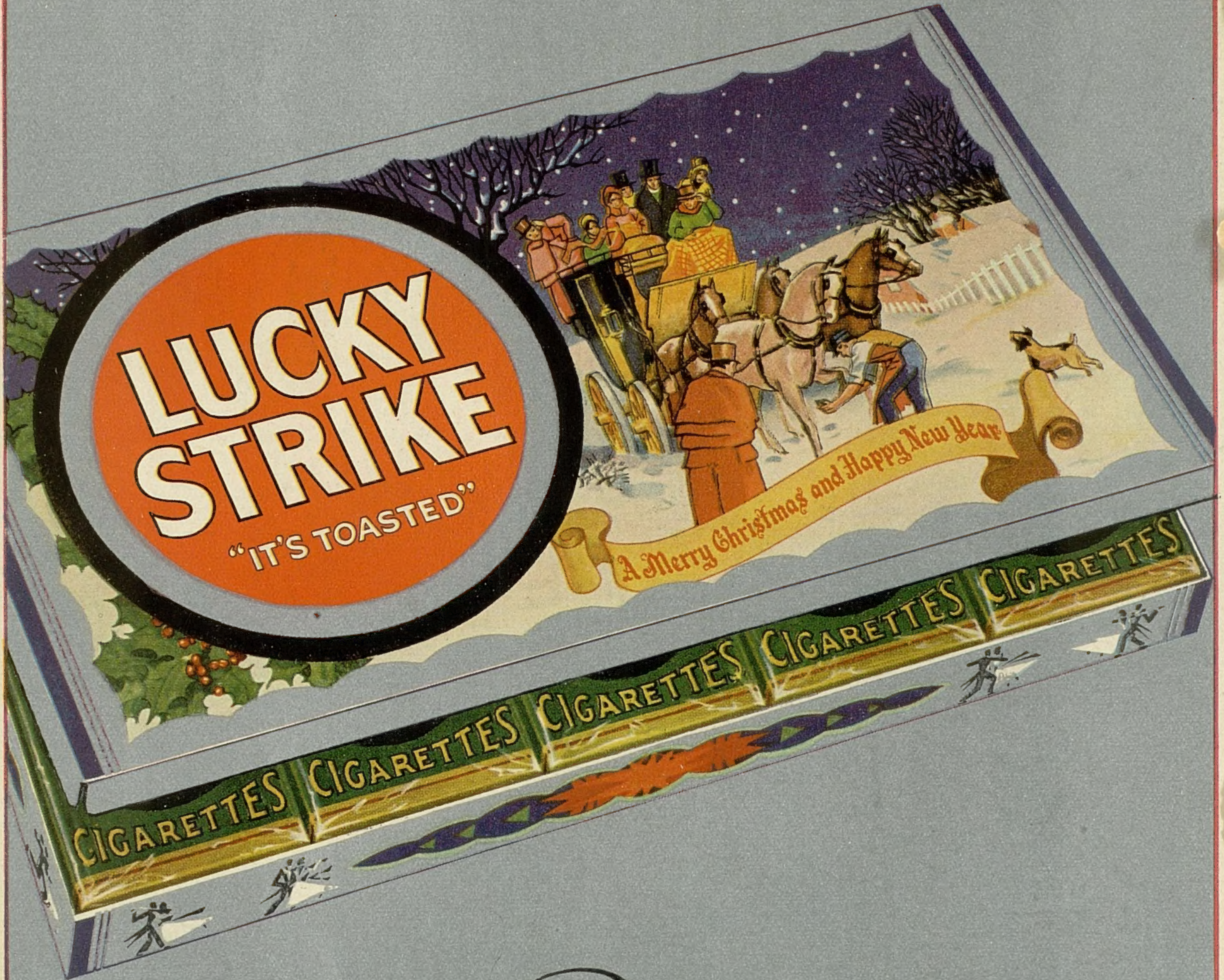
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